

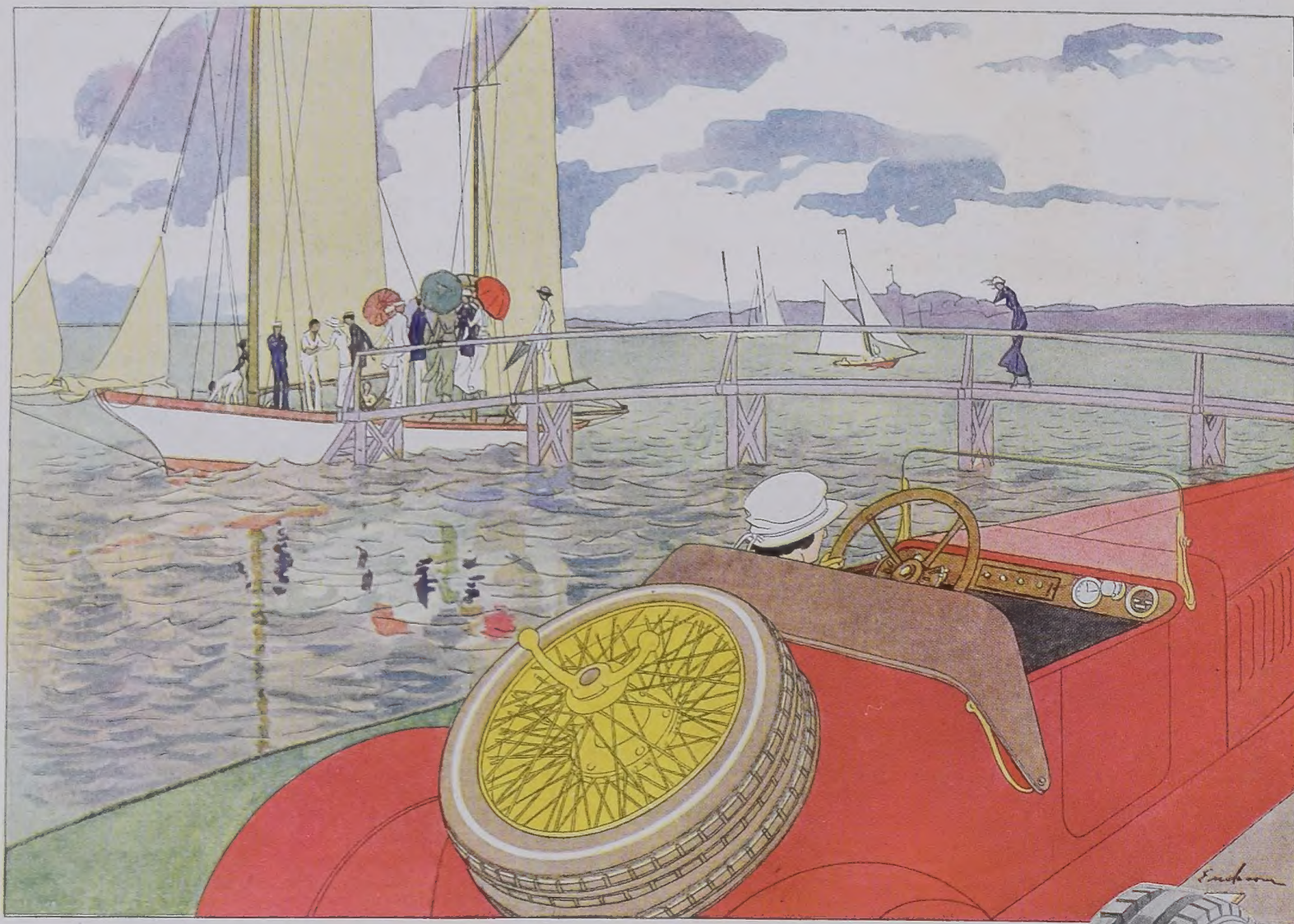
VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDE NAST, Publisher

Early August
Prix 2 Francs



THERE'S a big "inside story" in the 'Royal Cord'. It's a story of principles and fundamentals—that treats of the heart and the vitals of the tire.

It explains why the 'Royal Cord' is a good tire—how we enforce liveliness, ruggedness, resiliency and phenomenal strength.

The 'Royal Cord' is made *differently*—modelled and molded differently. Which makes a difference in life and wear and service—a difference in *dollars* to the motorist.

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The 'Royal Cord' looks good—and it's just as good as it looks.



'Royal Cord'
one of the five

United States Tires
are Good Tires





MOTORING A LA MODE

IT seems just about impossible to get very far in this spinning twentieth century without being an enthusiastic motorist. Everybody motors. Everybody talks about motoring. One certainly can not qualify for great popularity at tea fights, dinner dances, or theatre-parties, if one is not ready to chatter merrily about roads, carburetors, chauffeurs, and blue books. The sound of these simple poetic words is as the music of the spheres to the yearning motorist. The woman who can not converse—easily—upon such enthralling topics is considered positively archaic. One thinks of her as belonging to the period of spinning wheels, and grandfather's clock, and pious ancestors of another day.

REVISED MOTOR TOGS

And then, besides, there is the soul-satisfying matter of motor togs. Past, long past, is the time when one eclipsed a fatal gift of beauty under a sack-like duster and a sort of boudoir cap. There is no longer any necessity

for looking like a charter member of the Klu Klux Klan. Nimble wits have devised wonderful motor hats that would have made Cleopatra weak with envy. These bits of headgear capture all flyaway curls and wisps in the most becoming fashion. Some of them have pert brims to shadow wicked glances, and others have no brims at all to reveal glances equally wicked. Some of them—for Paris has an eye for the fair motorist—fly little veils to protect a rose petal skin and to keep teasing winds away.

Or, if one likes, one can tie on demurely one of those I-was-made-for-flirting scarfs; or one can slip into the soft attractive motor wraps that are as far away from the oblong duster dear to the good old days, as heaven is popularly supposed to be from a frivolous world. If one makes up one's mind—pouf! there is absolutely nothing one can not do while motoring. And that, of course, is saying a lot.

Naturally enough, motor liveries are not to be passed over lightly. Thomas or John or Henry must be smartly groomed and attired.

He, too, must be made a thing of beauty and a so-called joy forever. The chauffeur is to the motor-car as the tower is to the Singer building. Smart liveries make smart chauffeurs, and, fortunately, he who drives your car can be the pink of perfection, or rather the blue, maroon, or Oxford grey of perfection. Liveries now are so ultra smart that they may well be called the perfectly good reason why chauffeurs leave a happy home.

MOTORING THROUGH SUMMER

Motoring is really the pastime of the nation, and summer is the pastime of all motorists. Roads and wayside inns and resorts and the cars themselves have all been perfected to such a degree that there no longer seems any aching void to be filled. One can see America first, from the wind-swept Northwest to the historic East, with all the comforts of home in one's own car. And she who steps from her motor may look as though she came from a massage and a henna shampoo.

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Cover Design by Georges Lepape

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for
Early August, 1919.



The Contents of this Magazine are copyrighted throughout the World by The Vogue Company 1919

VOGUE is published on the fifth and the twentieth of every month by the Vogue Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York; Condé Nast, President; Barrett Andrews, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; Edna Woolman Chase, Editor; Heyworth Campbell, Art Director; Philippe Ortiz, European Director.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 48 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Central { 15-53
 { 97-88
 { 29-26
 { 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris
LONDON NEW YORK
Rolls House 19 West 44th Street
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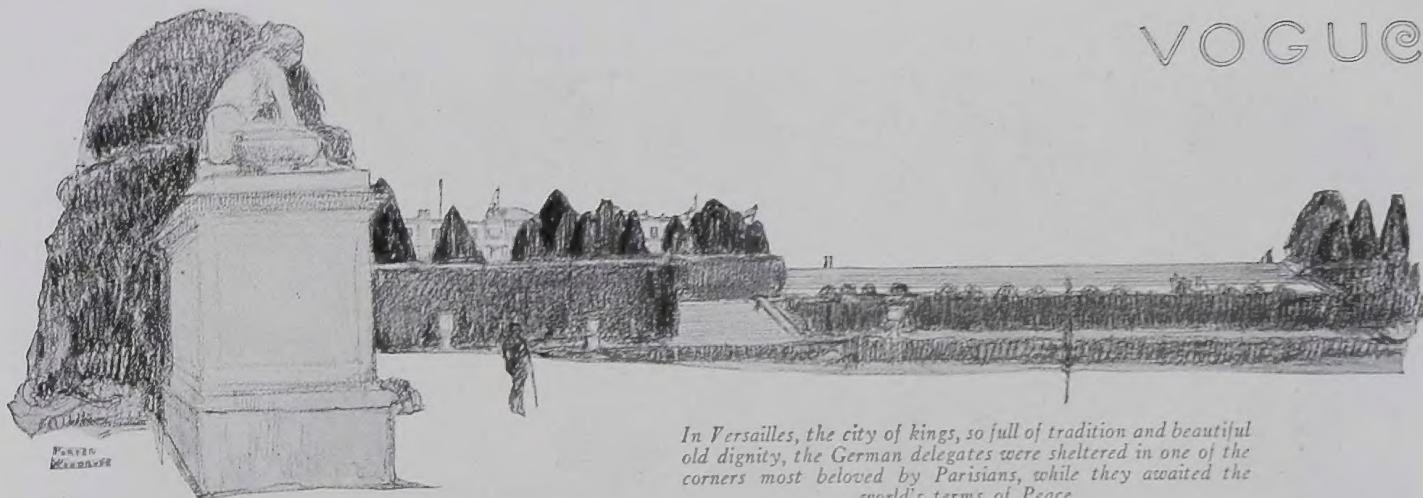
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Bertram Park © International Film Service

H. M. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

Queen Marie of Roumania has left a glowing impression in London and Paris where she has been visiting. Not for a moment since her arrival have the French people ceased to acclaim and fête her, and she is one of the loveliest and most beloved figures in Paris. Rumours reach us that she will soon be coming to America for a short visit, accompanied by her very lovely daughter, the Princess Elizabeth



In Versailles, the city of kings, so full of tradition and beautiful old dignity, the German delegates were sheltered in one of the corners most beloved by Parisians, while they awaited the world's terms of Peace

PARIS TAKES ITS SUMMER IN A SPORTING WAY

THE sun has burst out like a fanfare of trumpets; the trees, in spite of the late storms, are heavy with blossoms, and Paris, crowded, filled with activity, presents the appearance of a city *en fête*. Women have been deprived of their outdoor sports life for more than four years, and so this spring they have gone back to it with more than usual enthusiasm. Yachts, automobiles, and horses have been at the service of the Government; and we have been forced to pass the most exquisite of the spring days shut within the four walls of a hospital. We know very well that sports and open-air living are the best of all ways of preserving our youth and the suppleness of our figures; so one can imagine the joy with which one regains her yacht, the other her Rolls-Royce, while the third buys a pure-bred

Four Years of Deprivation of the
Joyousness of Outdoor Life Causes
The Ardent Revival of Sports and
The Strict Severity of the Tailleur

suit and in the big serge coat which she wears on stormy days, both of which are sketched on page 29. Her coat with the black buttons of the Yacht Club of France, comes down to the ankles and allows her bare feet to be seen; for Madame de Vilmorin is always barefooted on the bridge of her own yacht "Nymphéa" or on the "Cariad," which is the name of her husband's yacht. At San Sebastian, she won two cups given by the King of Spain; at San Remo, the cup of the King of Italy. Her own yacht, the "Nymphéa," has raced at Cowes under her own racing colours, which are red and blue. On her head, Madame de Vilmorin always wears a regulation "sou'wester" of black oilcloth lined with white; in fine weather, with her coat and skirt of white flannel decorated with the black Club buttons,



Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat spends her time away from the theatre in open-air diversions, among which is walking. The severe black tricorne was made for these occasions by Reboux

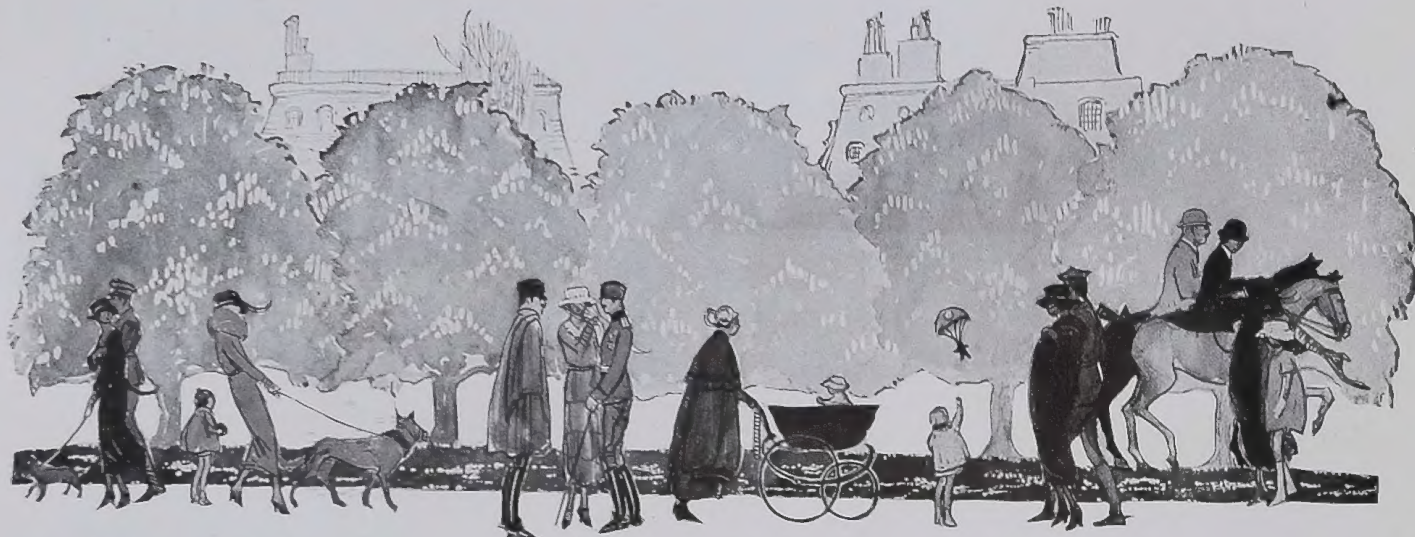
hunter from the cavalry of the English Army.

I have just spent an hour with Madame de Vilmorin looking over her album of photographs taken on her voyages before the war. In a few weeks, she will once more be in possession of her yacht "Nymphéa." She has made a tour of the globe in it, visiting Asia five times and Australia several times; and she knows better than to go to sea like the amateur with nothing but pretty impractical frocks made for pleasure and amusement. Like a true "old salt," Madame de Vilmorin has her sea clothes made at Cowes by navy tailors. They are of conventional materials, flannel or heavy serge in dark blue or white and of a special character and cut. She has consented to pose for us in her white fair-weather

Doucet has invented a tailleur with a Louis XV jacket to accompany Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat on her walks and given it the necessary vest in an English stuff of canary yellow

Madame Théodore Mante sponsors the new severe tailleur in the simplicity of her Busvine costume of black serge. High stock and jewelled pin are also smart





Essentially French is the Bois, that grand green boulevard so beloved of all Parisiennes

she wears a white felt, turned up in front and ornamented with the ensign of her yacht. Never gloves on board, and never the least bit of a veil; feet and hands bare in the worst storm and under the hottest sun; but in her severe adherence to regulations, Madame de Vilmorin presents a charming silhouette which one must needs admire. The Countess de Saint-Senoch, née Heriot, also proposes to put to sea from a little Breton port in a month.

But even if one can not go down to the sea in ships, there are sports in which one can indulge in Paris itself. Any one who commands an automobile can spend a fine afternoon in driving out to Versailles, Saint-Germain, or Rambouillet for tea. Many women use a limousine, which enables them to



Mlle. de Landa wears the informal beret on her strenuous golf journeys. Its dull blue material is a steady and becoming covering for her head

For sports wear, Mlle. de Landa wears a soft beret. This one, like a student's tam, is of black velvet caught in front by a diamond arrow

Riders display their sleek mares and chic habits under the generous shadow of the Bois trees

by the men of that period, which opened over waistcoats of heavy stuffs imported from London. They are in brilliant colours printed with English hunting scenes of the eighteenth century. Mlle. Dorziat has a series of them. It is chic to take tea at Versailles or at Saint-Germain and also smart to meet friends at La Boule, the golf club. Here we may find Madame Froment Meurice, Madame de Jouvenel, Madame Gillou, or the Princess de Broglie all dressed as is Mlle. de Limantour who is shown in the photograph on page 29. A light hat or cap covers the hair. Mlle. de Landa wears either one or the other of the berets shown on this page; Madame de Mier, the Countess Suberbiele, Mlle. de Yturbe, wear the beret or a man's hat of white or



Madame de Mier is a devotee of motoring and undertakes lengthy campaigns across Spain and Southern France. Her costume is always novel, as is this one of dust grey knitted wool

wear the toilette they have worn for a waltz. Others are dressed with an eye to a sudden run in their open car which they prefer on account of the rush of fresh air which makes up a part of their programme of hygiene. Such women are usually in a simple costume, and it is they who are responsible for the revival of the correct and neat tailleur such as we wore ten or fifteen years ago. One might even say that there is no difference in the cut, either in skirt or jacket. The little handkerchief in the side pocket and the flowers in the buttonhole have resumed their place. Often a waistcoat in colour or a white border coming below the vest adds to the smartness of this costume. The only difference between the severe tailleur of to-day and that of the older mode is the insistence on the wide waist; there is no indication of corseting or of girdle.

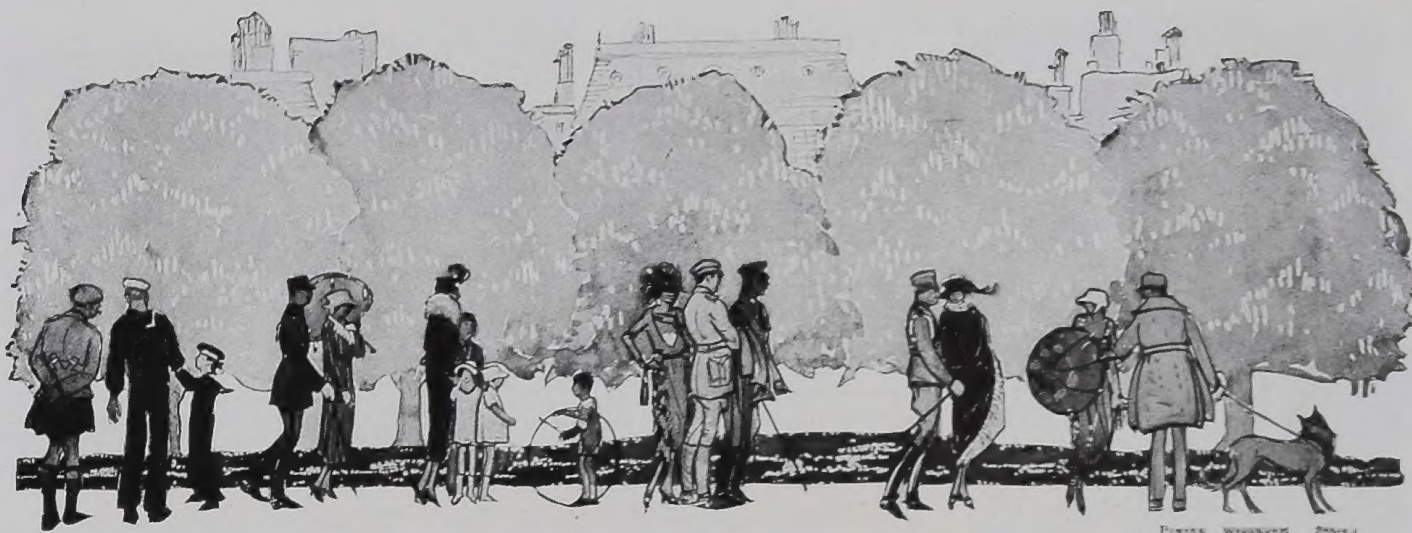
THE RETURN OF THE SEVERE TAILLEUR

This return to the strictly tailored costume for street wear, the resumption of the clear definite lines, and the desire to be free, on street costumes, from encumbering folds and restless fringes and floating panels is very decidedly marked among the women of the smart world. Among the women who sponsor this new mode are Miss de Wolfe, Madame de Mier, Countess de Saint-Senoch, Madame Théodore Mante, any of whom one may see jumping out of their cars in front of the Hotel des Réservoirs or the Grand Trianon, looking as if they were ready for horseback, with a flowery buttonhole in the left revers, or perhaps a Spanish carnation.

It is with this idea in mind that the great dressmakers are thinking of bringing back the Louis XV jacket, that is to say the jacket worn

Useful simplicity in clothes for sports wear is the creed that guides all Frenchwomen of to-day. Gabrielle Chanel has made a simple motor coat for Mlle. Dorziat of dark blue tricot





In the mornings, it is the custom to walk in the Bois with one's children, one's friends, or one's dogs

grey. A cape of tweed, matching the skirt, covers the blouse of linen or silk jersey, giving a clever air of smartness to these young girls and young women who mean never to lose their supple figures if a life of hygiene, constant care, and absolute rationalism can preserve them. The last chic touch for golf or tennis is the woollen stocking imported from London, of a pretty sand colour which does not show the dust. The shoe with fringed tongue, called "Sioux," is usually of buckskin or of heavy tan leather as shiny as a horse-chestnut. The gloves are of dogskin, also imported from London, and sewed by hand with big black stitches. Veils do not exist at all.

Some of the younger women arrive at the Golf Club of La Boule in a tailor suit and change at the club-house, where they keep their playing clothes; others prefer to arrive from Paris dressed for the game without losing time in changing. In short, sports are now as popular with Frenchwomen as they have long been with the Anglo-Saxons. Many of them drive their own



Mesdemoiselles de Limantour, each dressed entirely differently but both on their way to golf, are here snapped just as they reach the golf club

cars, borrowing for their costume a certain liberty from the dress of their men friends. If a woman is very young, mannish clothes give her an attractive air of pretty boldness; on an older woman, the effect is perhaps even more pleasing, as her studied severity gives her the appearance of having outgrown all ridiculous coquetry.

Riding has become the rage since the armistice. It has become possible to have horses now, so all those who hunted and rode in the Bois before the war have taken to it again with enthusiasm. Madame Allez, the Marquise de Chabannes, the Countess de Pange, and many others whom I have not space to name ride regularly every morning from ten to twelve.

THE RENEWED LIFE OF THE BOIS

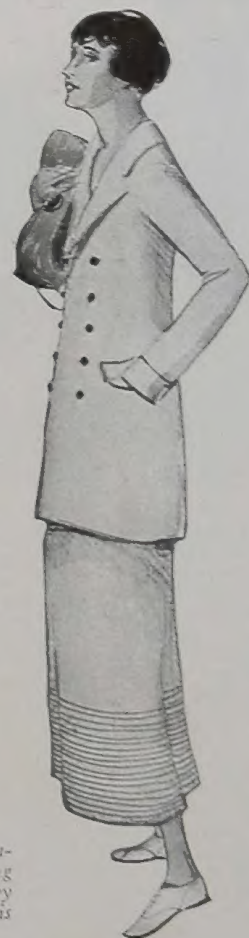
In the Bois, in the environs of Paris, everywhere, there is incessant activity from morning to night. Dining at the cabarets of Ville d'Avray, Saint-Cloud, or of the Bois itself is once more in vogue. There are as yet no big dinners in evening dress, but on the way back from an auto trip, or from golf, one stops for a gay little dinner on the edge of the lake or in the woods. The Bois at this moment is the best indication of the revival of the joy of living. What a pleasure for the confirmed Parisian to find his beloved Bois again the scene of incessant and charming activity. Here are riders, motors, dog-carts driven by women or young girls, the out-of-date equip-

From morning till night, this is the scene of the most incessant and charming of Paris activities

ages of an older generation who have remained faithful to their daily drive behind horses in an age of gasoline. In the morning, from eleven o'clock to one, these form one constant procession, to say nothing of the stream of pedestrians on the paths reserved for them where one may see a crowd of well-dressed women walking for the sake of the exercise. Here we may meet Madame Théodore Mante in her walking costume which recalls the correctness of her riding clothes; or Mlle. Dorziat in her Louis XV jacket from Doucet, or Mlle. Petit Delchet in a black *trotteur* fitted at the waist, with her big black hat tied with a flat bow; Mesdemoiselles de Limantour on their way to golf, both dressed entirely differently. Mrs. Walkers drives her own Rolls-Royce, wearing a little hat of jade green straw with just a touch of ornamentation in the chiffon ribbon which matches it in colour; or we may see Mlle. Beatrice de Yturbe driving her cab, in a simple frock of black tricot lightened by a guimpe of white chiffon. Like her father Mlle. Beatrice de Yturbe is passionately de-



Madame de Filmorin is the most devoted of yachtswomen and has won many prizes with her "Nymphéa." Barefoot and in long coat and sou'-wester she meets the storms



Like the thorough seaman she is, Madame de Filmorin has all her yachting clothes made at Cowes by smart navy tailors. This suit of white flannel is her "fair-weather" costume



Mlle. Moreau rides cross-saddle, which is unusual in Paris, in a habit of dark grey and the favoured black derby

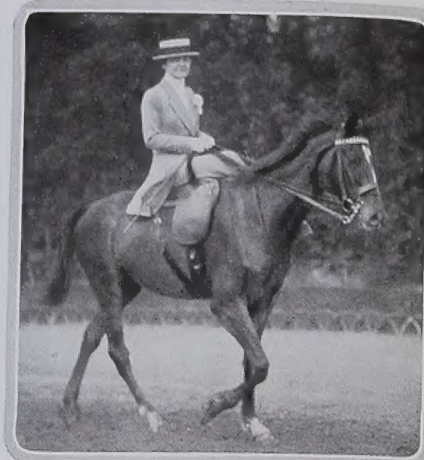
voted to horses and spends as much of her time with them as she can spare from her hospital work, to which she is equally devoted.

Among the equestriennes in the Bois are many who look perfectly charming. Riding clothes seem to be on their way back, like many other forms of dress, to severe lines. We see few eccentricities, but many fitted coats, more becoming to a good figure than the vague sack-like jacket which has long been worn. Black, very dark blue, or oxford grey are the preferred shades, unless a rather light grey tweed is chosen. A little edge of colour or of white runs around the collar with a very high and very voluminous white cravat; the glove is wash leather with hand-sewed seams. The derby is the hat which I have seen worn more than any other, until sunnier days bring the lighter sailor.

Mlle. Dorziat, whose restrained taste loves "line" above all else, indulges in sport as the most rational sort of relaxation from work. She spends her spare time riding, playing golf, or walking in

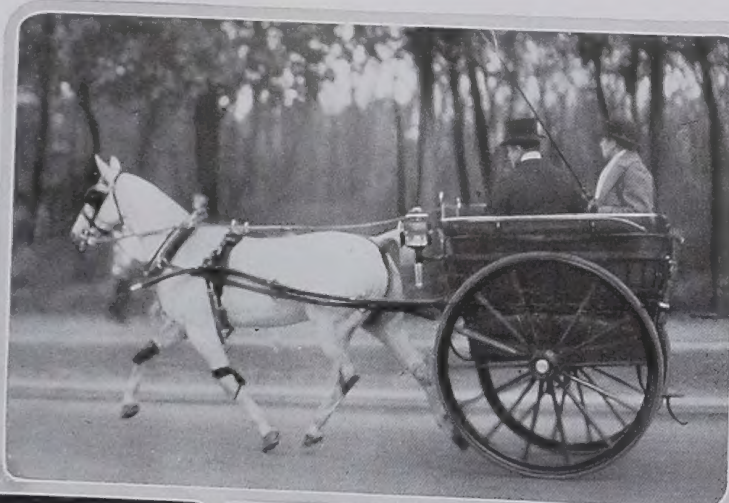
the rain in her mackintosh. She also loves her car and drives as often as her duty at the theatre leaves her leisure to enjoy it. We saw her leaving her house for a trip in it, dressed in a dark blue coat and skirt of heavy blue serge, and instead of a blouse, a sweater of thin threads of wool and silk, very short so as not to thicken the silhouette. Her coat was very ample with a buttoned belt and closed in front with a double row of buttons, and with a big collar of mole turned up to the chin and buttoned under the left ear with two buttons. Mlle. Dorziat is another who has no love for a face veil. This is the way she avoids the use of one: she wears a little hat of navy blue satin trimmed at the side with a cockade; over this hat which she pulls down to her eyes, she places a veil of lace which passes the edge of the hat in front by an inch or so; the veil is then gathered on the nape of the neck, where it is crossed and passed back around the hat and ties in front with a little bow. This makes a sort of bonnet of the hat. The veil is of smoke grey lace matching the mole collar and her gaiters which she wears over shoes of black or tan with straight Spanish heels suitable for walking. For auto wear, she adopts the same gloves which she wears on horseback, gauntlets of dogskin closed with a strap at the wrist. These gloves are drawn up over the cuff, keeping out the dust. Have I said that her coat was long enough to wrap well about the legs if the temperature should fall?

Madame de Mier is devoted to her automobile.



The Countess de Taverny wears a beige riding-habit of tailored simplicity, and gloves and a flower of white

She is not content with little trips to Rambouillet or Versailles whenever she can manage it, but we may say that she undertakes real campaigns. She made a famous trip across Spain from which she brought back wonderful photographs, proving that her taste and her smartness are invincible. Everything that she wears or does is not only an indication of the present vogue, but often of the future. The tricot costume which is shown on page 28 is original enough to merit attention. This garment is made of heavy knitted wool in cloudy grey and of brushed wool of the same shade, the latter arranged in flat panels on the sides, forming pockets and a big collar which may be turned back in a cape on the shoulders. When the motor is running, she turns this collar up to her ears and pulls her hat down over her eyebrows, showing only a glimpse of her eyes. The trimming of her coat is of little close buttons of tricot, and the belt is also of tricot, very narrow and knotted at the back; (Continued on page 86)



Madame Bihou rides her horse in a habit of the approved severe lines. It is of a grey English cloth with a vest of yellow serge for added smartness

Madame Bihou, known so well as Mlle. Broquedis, the tennis champion of 1913 and 1914, drives in her dog-cart to the place where she mounts her horse



A pause before the Chinese pavilion gave a watchful photographer the opportunity to snap Mlle. de Limantour mounted beside her brother



Mlle. Beatrice de Yturbe is ready to start to the Bois on her daily drive in her smart little dog-cart of black with gay red trimmings

LOVELY WOMAN as the HONEST LABOURING MAN

He Who Returns from the War May Find That the Only
Profession Left Him Is That of a Female Impersonator

By DOROTHY PARKER

DO you ever stop and wonder what has become of the old-fashioned girl, the heroine of the sweet clean love-story, which you could read aloud to your maiden aunt without having to skip a paragraph? Surely you remember her, the before-the-war heroine. She wore checked gingham frocks that she made herself, and she used to go around the house all day long giving it little homelike touches. When evening fell, she put on a simple little white muslin dress, modestly, not to say uninterestingly, high of neck—this gown, too, was her own original model—and tucked a single rosebud in her hair, just over the left ear, where it used to drive the hero wild. Thus attired, she would run down to the garden gate—that was as far away from home as she ever got all through the story—and wait there, in the sunset's rosy glow, for the hero to come home from his day's work in the factory. Then she called it a day, and began all over again with her famous and unflinching cheer.

DECEASED HEROINES

Gentle reader, that heroine is no more. No longer does she putter about, touching the house, all day long; no more does she wait at the gate of an evening. But shed no tears for her; if her sequel were written, you would see that she is getting along very well indeed. If the gifted authors who described her so tenderly would only sit down at their typewriters and bring her up to date, you would see how completely she has altered. Those little gingham and muslin frocks of hers—she has long ago packed them up and sent them to the Armenians. She no longer hangs around gates, in the evening, waiting wistfully for the hero to come home. No,—it's the hero who is waiting for her, these days. You see, she has taken his job in the factory.

For the style in heroines has changed completely. In fact, the style in all women has changed. It is all directly due to the war—the

war, which started so many things that it couldn't possibly finish. When the men went to war, the women just naturally went right into men's jobs; when the men came back from the war, the women just naturally stayed right on doing men's jobs. It is, according to them, the only life.

THAT AGONIZING PROBLEM

Have you, at any recent date, striven to entice some woman into your employment? If you have, the mere mention of it has probably caused you to break down and sob. If you haven't, you are undoubtedly one of Heaven's anointed, and good fortune is your maiden name. Of course, it would be a simple matter, if you were only in need of the services of a conductor, porter, steeple-jack, pharmacist, dog-catcher, sign-painter, or ticket-chopper. Your appeal would be answered by so many women experienced in those professions that the militia would have to be called out to keep the mob in order. But for such gracious and womanly positions as those of cook, nurse, laundress, seamstress, and maid—not so much as a single applicant will come to fill the aching void. That sort of thing simply isn't being done, any more; it is considered positively unfeminine.

There is no more pathetic figure than that of the woman who ventures out into the cruel world with the pitiful hope of securing the services of a willing laundress or a condescending cook. With a childlike faith, she expects to realize her hopes. She has no idea of the bitter disillusionments that lie in wait for her. Poor soul, she does not even know that her desire is in any way out of the ordinary; she thinks, in her blissful ignorance, that it is a perfectly natural thing to do. So, all unknowing the jeers, the contempt, the rejections that will greet her she starts cheerily out on her mad quest.

Spent and broken, she staggers back to her house at the end of her hideous day of hunting,



No longer does she hang wistfully around the gate in the evening, waiting for the hero to come home. That erstwhile pastime is left to the hero, for she has taken his job at the factory

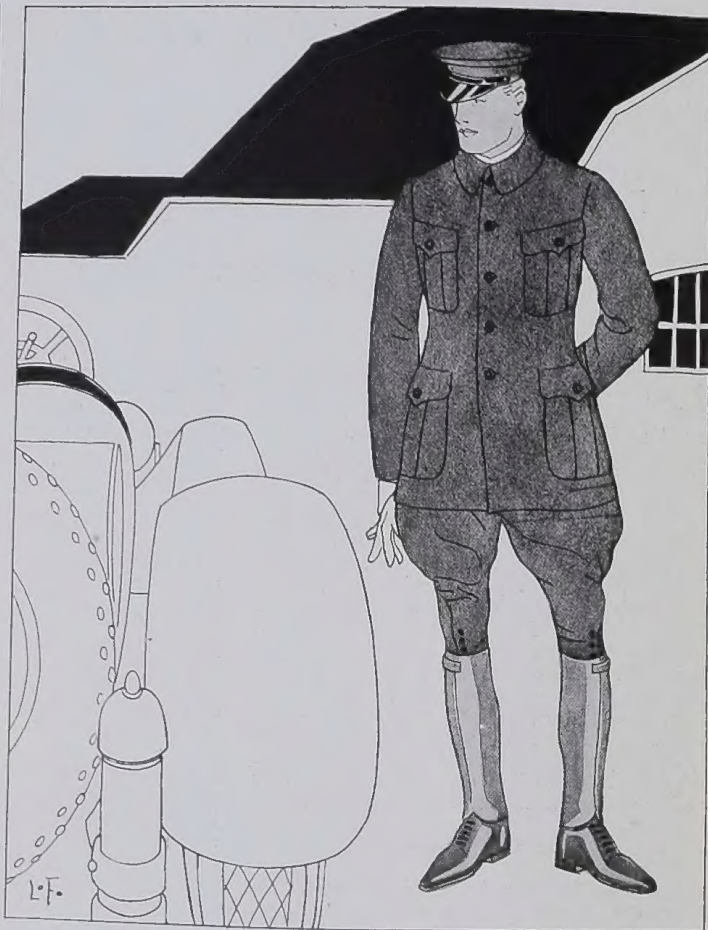


her head reeling from her dizzy round of the employment agencies. Everywhere her reception has been the same—a patronizing smile, a pitying shake of the head, a bored turning away. She has offered all the inducements that she can think of—she is willing to meet, or to offer any terms, if the enemy will only have a heart. In her desperation, she tearfully has offered a monthly wage equal to what a king's ransom used to be when anybody cared anything about ransoming kings; she has hysterically promised to give away the children, to dispense with guests, to lend her limousine, her opera box, her pearls, her sables on any occasion—anything, if only the haughty lady will come to launder for her, or to cook for her. It is all worse than useless. The haughty one merely announces coldly that it can't be done—she is wedded to her art of house-painting, (Continued on page 84)

In vain one promises to give away the children, to dispense with guests, to lend one's pearls or sables on any occasion. The haughty lady will not come to launder or to cook; she is wedded to her art of painting houses

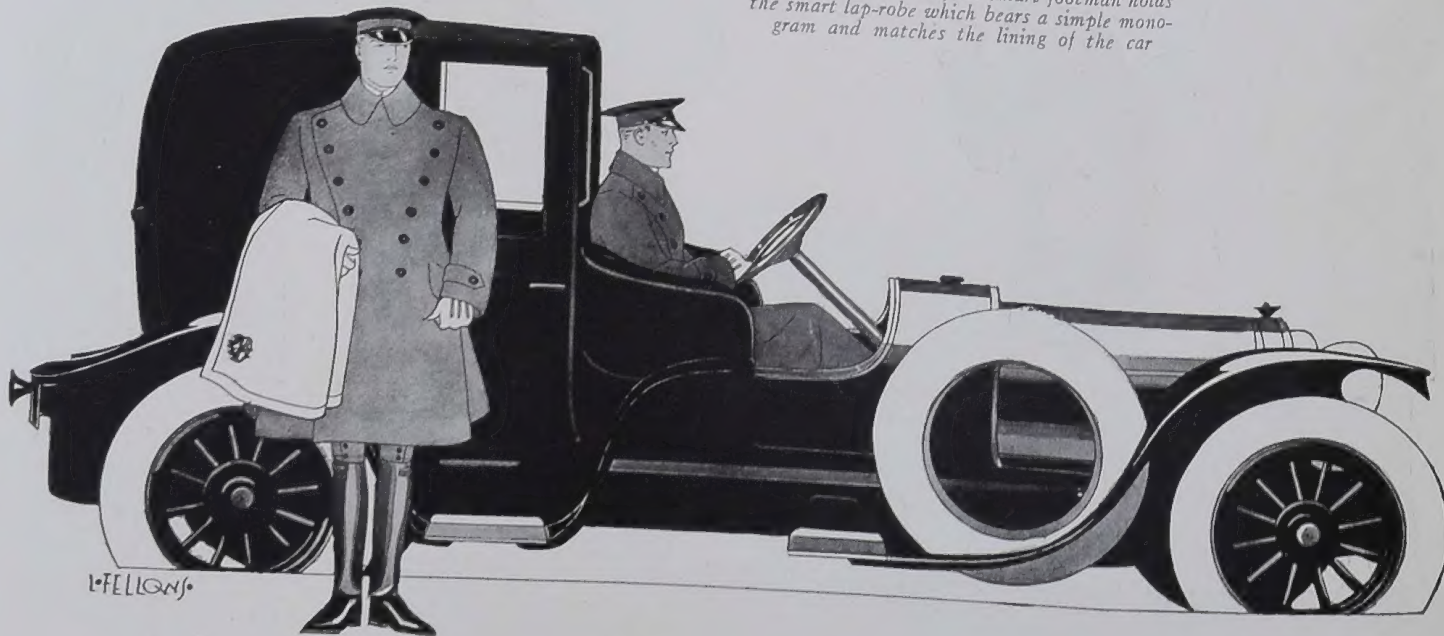


Correctly smart from top to toe is this French chauffeur liveried for town in either deep maroon, dark blue, green, or oxford grey, buttoned with black bone buttons. The cap matches the livery; the gloves may be black or tan. Over plain black laced boots are worn black leggings, pigskin or polished calf



The country livery may maintain its quiet dignity with a little less formality. In either whip-cord or sharkskin of light or dark oxford, it is equally smart. There may be a larger spattering of pockets than on the town livery, but those extreme details of cap and shoes and leggings usually remain the same

The footman and chauffeur should be as nearly twins as identical livery can make them. For town wear, their top-coats should be of heavy cloth with cap to match in one of the correct shades. Over his arm, the smart footman holds the smart lap-robe which bears a simple monogram and matches the lining of the car



ACCESSORIES FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MOTOR-CAR

ONCE more the peaceful pursuits of life permit to our motors the luxury of "two men up," and the footman has reappeared to take his place beside the chauffeur. The motoring world is swinging along towards its comfortable, indulged, pre-war state, and old luxuries are welcomed back in even more extravagant form.

The motor-car is one of the most finished forms of comfortable indulgence. It has long since developed from the jerky snorting affair of high springless seats and topless tonneau into an easy-riding closed-in car with soft cushioned seats and every possible accessory, from telephones to complete writing equipment. One steps as immaculate from the charming interior of one's car as from the boudoir. Modern ingenuity has done its best with springs and engines, and speed no longer destroys even so much as the contour of a smooth coiffure.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVERIES

Designers of motor-cars are becoming greater and greater artists—if art may be defined as doing a thing well and beautifully—and both the exteriors and interiors of the latest models are as perfectly and pleasingly comfortable, sleek, and appointed as the luxurious tastes of the present day could demand. One may feel sure that one's car will emerge from the salesroom in a high state of perfection as to mechanism and line. Yet there remain for personal attention many matters of detail, and since true smartness is essentially a matter of detail, too much importance can not be given them. Perfection of detail is a rare thing indeed, but it is the accurate index of the smartness and good taste of the motor. It is surprising, in view of this fact, that many people neglect these details. Particularly strange it is that motor owners are so often satisfied to have a car, exquisite outside and in, driven by a chauffeur whose costume may not, with exactness, be called even a livery—and there are liveries and liveries.

Town liveries, especially, should be matters of careful consideration, and the planning of them requires a good working knowledge of the correct materials, colours, cuts, and accessories to be worn by the "two men up." Both footman and chauffeur should be liveried alike. Perhaps no other detail gives so thorough an impression of distinctive smartness as the harmony of men and car. The Rolls Royce of one fashionable New York woman is painted a dark blue, and both the chauffeur and the footman by the door wear a dark blue livery, correct in every detail and trimmed with the right number of buttons of the same cloth, rimmed narrowly with a perfectly plain band of dull silver.

COLOURS AND CLOTH

Dark blue is, of course, one of the quiet inconspicuous colours best suited to a

A Motor-Car—To Be Correctly Smart—Must

Look Exactingly to Its Many Details, Which

May Be Very Large and Important, Like Liver-

ies, or Very Small and Important, Like Monograms

smart livery. Other correct colours for town liveries are maroon, dark green, grey, black, or oxford. These colours may be had in a fine English cloth which goes by the name of "refine" cloth. Whip-cord and sharkskin are also much used, but may be had only in oxford grey or black. The cap should match the livery in material and colour and should be worn by footman as well as chauffeur; under no condition is the top-hat considered correct for the footman.

The overcoats of the two men differ only in the matter of length, the footman's being shorter in order that he may descend and mount with ease. It should reach to within an inch of his legging, while the chauffeur's coat should come to the middle of the calf. In winter, the collars of these top-coats may be finished with velvet or with fur, but the liveries themselves should invariably remain plain.

Thus far, perhaps, does many a chauffeur's in-

ery go and consider the matter successfully finished, but the livery that is flawless to the trained eye must also be flawless in such things as accessories. There is not only the beginning but the ending of a livery to be considered, and finishing touches have a way of being vastly important. Shoes for both men should be black and dull and plain. They should also lace with eyelets from top to bottom and have none of the time-saving knobs that sometimes unduly take the place of eyelets at the top. The correct legging is black in colour and usually of pigskin or polished calf. Gaiters are not correct for either man. Their shoes must be short, and either black or tan in colour. A white, simple, standing collar without a tie is the required collar.

LIVERY FOR COUNTRY USE

In the country, however, the livery may retain its dignity in a little less formal manner and be in good taste still. A double white collar may be worn with absolute correctness, and a black four-in-hand tie completes this neck arrangement. Liveries may be discarded and long to be worn with a simple sack coat to match. The trousers may be finished with a white cuff, and the buttons of the suit should be dull black bone. This livery is for country use only.

When the matter of liveries has been settled and the exterior of the car is ready for the sternest inspection, the eyes naturally turn to rest on the upholstery and robes. Simplicity and quietness are the keynotes of elegance here, and their presence or absence determines the character of the interior of the car. Draped curtains, ruffled curtains, or silk curtains in motor windows are unsuitable and undignified. The simplest of roller curtains, matching in colour the car's interior, are the only curtains really appropriate. Such simplicity as a decorative pattern or tapestry in large designs is out of place in the narrow limits of a car and gives the very undesirable impression of club richness, besides being unbecoming and confusing as a background for the occupants and their costumes. The smartest upholstery for a town car is a cloth, either a broadcloth or one of the Bedford cords. These cloths have always been imported and are becoming very scarce, but their place is being filled now by similar cloths of American manufacture. Both the imported and American cloths are obtainable in all the quiet neutral shades of grey and tan or in the darker tones of blue and green. The robes should match the upholstery in colour and material. They may be lined with fur or suede and be marked with a monogram on the outside. One effective robe of grey English Melton cloth has a lining of grey suede and a small monogram in cloth.



For country wear, the chauffeur may have his overcoat made along these simple lines. In a light-weight gabardine of oxford or black, it is suitable for spring weather. The same model in a heavy alpaca may be used for a summer dust-coat



This short little coat in natural camel's hair, sometimes called polo cloth, flares undisturbedly from shoulder to a hem which is finished with a wide band of material corded onto the main part of the coat. Then to be quite snug, it overlaps into a double front, and, to be even more snug, it winds a scarf collar tightly about the neck. The middle coat with an English air is a black and white tweed with a dashing front of black and white checks bound in black leather

The leather belt makes an unexpected turn, while pockets and sleeves think of no better ending than a band of black leather. The coat at the right is short and soft and very jaunty. It is short because it is a box-coat, soft because it is of suede, and jaunty because of—its olive green colour, the cut of the two pieces that wrap across the front of the body and button to one side, and the frisky scarf that curls about the neck and ends in a flying wool fringe of many daringly vivid colours

MODELS FROM BALCH PRICE

THE INDISPENSABLE COAT FOR SPORTS MAY BE THE SUITABLE COAT FOR
MOTORS AND MAY ALSO BE SHORT AND ROOMY AND UNDENIABLY SMART



When a scarf acquires enough assurance to usurp the place of a broad shawl, there is inevitably some reason, and obviously it must be that of the newness and cleverness of its making. It is of angora in white with a wide blue and white diamond-checked border, and either tight about the neck or hanging, it proves equally daring. The middle coat of tan angora has sloping kimono lines and sleeves that may be worn either long or turned back short. And there is the matter of a belt.

It is a smart and slender hat and a smart companion for the unusual scarf, which seems to the eye to be a dark and can be seen in the background. It is a very simple blue and tan hat with a wide brim and a wide scarf. The scarf is a wide blue and white diamond-checked border, and either tight about the neck or hanging, it proves equally daring. The middle coat of tan angora has sloping kimono lines and sleeves that may be worn either long or turned back short. And there is the matter of a belt.

MODELS FROM RALPH PRICE

THE NEW SCARFS, COATS IN THEMSELVES, WIND INTIMATELY ABOUT THE
NECK OR FLUTTER JAUNTILY FROM BENEATH WOULD-BE RESTRAINING BELTS



Strips of navy blue and tan tulle (left) form the crown, while the brim is faced with plain navy blue. A navy blue chiffon veil drapes the crown and hangs over the face. Navy blue ribbons (middle) run into a peak, fly streamers, and rim themselves with wooden beads. A dapper hat (right) is fashioned after those worn by officers in the tropics; it has a crown of gray tulle, a brim of green and gray tulle, and a hanging veil.

SKETCHED HATS FROM
MARY'S HAT SHOP

(Below) If one is very young, one will wear, of course, this close fitting hat of navy blue Georgette crêpe checked across a turned-up brim and weighted with a wide mesh veil. Pale cloth round the face in this hat with fulness stirred in across the shoulders, and a high collar or large bolero.



(Left) Pale beige Georgette crêpe is coaxed into a becoming untrimmed Persian turban over which is worn a wide-open plain mesh veil of threads of navy blue. To travel with it, made of camel's hair cloth and held together by unexpected crocheted loops, is a loose wrap lined in a combination of tan silk, French blue, and navy blue. A shawl collar does the rest for this most becoming of companions on a summer's day.

PHOTOGRAPHED HATS
FROM BRUCK WEISS

(Below) Designed to brave all winds becomingly is this turban made of navy blue silk threaded with silver and gold. The hat is particularly comfortable to wear motoring, and is veiled with a combination veil of silk mesh bordered all the way around with a deep band of navy blue chiffon.



Baron de Meyer



REMEMBER

(Above) Flyaway curls and will-o'-the-wisp locks may all be captured in trim security under this close turban of grey straw banded with a shirring of grey chiffon and veiled with a sheer grey mesh with a fancy border of silk threads. The back of the veil, which blows into grey clouds of chiffon, is attached to a fine mesh veil used across the face.

PHOTOGRAPHED HATS

FROM BRUCK WEISS

MOTOR HATS THAT TAKE THE

VEIL WITH SHYLY DOWNCAST

BRIMS OR FLIRTATIOUS TILTS



Let the flyaway curls and will-o'-the-wisp locks be captured in trim security under this close turban of grey straw banded with a shirring of grey chiffon and veiled with a sheer grey mesh with a fancy border of silk threads. The back of the veil, which blows into grey clouds of chiffon, is attached to a fine mesh veil used across the face.

POSED BY GRACE FISHER

WRAPS FROM BONWIT TELLER

WARM AND BECOMING WRAPS

WITH WHICH TO MOTOR

THROUGH MILES OF SUMMER



It isn't so much what one wears in Paris at present as what one wears with it,—a hat and bag all grey ribbon roses, for instance, and gloves stitched and lined to match the costume

PARIS FORGETS *the* WAR and CONSIDERS *the* MODE

WITH the renewal of her Salon and her race-meets, Paris once more presents her pre-war exterior to the world. These typical activities were necessarily suppressed during the war. The artists were mobilized almost to a man; some of the hardy few among the painters sent back vivid impressions of the front, but these were the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, the absence of "war stuff" is a remarkable feature of the present Salons; of course there are some immense battle canvases and paintings of devastated regions, but the great majority of the subjects are non-military. The determination to forget the war is once more demonstrated, this time by the artists of France. Later there is sure to be an avalanche of "Memorials" which have not yet had time to reach the exhibition stage. The modernists, realizing that few of the State orders will fall to their share,

The Salon and the Races Presage the Return of
The Good Old Days—The Parisienne Adds Metal
Threads to Jersey and Honours the Silk Sweater

are exceedingly pessimistic about the resultant effect, declaring that Paris, at least, is overburdened with sculptural atrocities already; but their protests will fall on deaf ears.

As for the resumption of racing, the heavens appeared to smile upon it, for a succession of exquisite days during the opening week contrasted vividly with the preceding weather, succinctly described by the A.E.F. as "hell with the fires out." The first meeting after five years was held at the pretty track of Maisons Laffitte, and the opening of the Auteuil and Longchamp

courses followed on succeeding days. While there may have been an absence of pre-war gaiety and smartness, there were large crowds and heavy betting. The lack of smartness was due in great measure to the preponderance of men, both in uniform and out of it, and the guess was hazarded that the dressmakers and tailors, having been hindered by the strike, had not managed to provide the Flora McFlimsies with anything to wear. Such women as were present wore simple clothes, depending upon their accessories for originality.

There were many "little" frocks of satin or silk jersey, sometimes of serge, and often embroidered. The colours were sombre, and the great majority were in black or dark blue and often covered with enveloping capes or coats with huge collars, or half concealed by sumptuous furs; for though the weather was unusually warm for the



PAQUIN

One of the far-reaching results of our President's visit to Paris is "Wilson," a motor coat in heavy golden brown velours de laine, unlined and unfastened and touched with squirrel, to emphasize its prediction of autumn



de Givenchy

The extremes to which the narrow skirt may go and the means by which Paquin aids the wearer to escape the consequences find illustration in the Bois



PAQUIN

Among the sports costumes which the Parisienne favours for motor touring is this grey and white English flannel frock with a gay green serge coat, which makes a notable use of godets plait to give a rippling fulness

season, no one seemed to feel any confidence in it. In her brave effort to forget, Paris seems to have undertaken almost more than she can manage, and the determined resumption of racing with but few horses to be entered for each event and with the most inadequate facilities for transporting the crowds, is another illustration of her determination to let no obstacle prevent her return to the normal.

My impression of the first Sunday at Longchamps might be summed up in this,—a blue and silver sky, trees full of bloom, and lawns as green as those of England; an immense crowd in which a sombre note predominated both in the stands and in the paddock; few women in the members' boxes; and everywhere, undulating to the tiniest breeze, swaying to the movement of walking, capes and fringes. Fringes black and fringes white, fringes from the neck-line to the hem of the skirt and held by a ribbon at the waist; grey fringes forming only an apron; fringes of blue veining a black frock; brown fringes arranged around the shoulders of a cape; fringes, fringes, fringes—in short, much too many fringes.

CAPE AT THE RACES

As for the capes, they were almost all of the same cut in three sections one over the other and rounded in the front. One of the varieties has a big collar which enfolds the shoulders as do those of the Brittany fishwives, except that their collars are not edged with fringes. Scanty mantles in black satin which were really nothing more than a very long jacket, were arranged at the neck in an amus-



CHANEL

Shall we look for Second Empire modes? Here, at least, is the key, though it spreads but sheer black lace, and very much here are the pantalettes in plaited black tulle.

ing way—encircled with a stiffly standing collar covered with a finely plaited frill of foulard or of some light coloured material.

The Princess de Broglie, née Decazes, wore one of these long jackets with a single line of jet beads for a belt. Madame Marchiloman in a frock of very dark blue satin had the same sort of collar, and her hat was of draped blue satin like her dress and held in front by a great Cartier arrow of diamonds. The Countess d'Hautpoul, who is very young and very blonde, was wrapped in a cape of black satin and wore a hat which differed from every other one on the grounds. It was a big "English School" affair: half straw and half black satin, encircled with a black velvet ribbon tied at the side. The Countess de Viel Castel wore a very pretty arrangement of smoke grey crêpe de Chine with corsage and skirt both draped, over which she had a black satin cape, open in front and trimmed with a collar of grey crêpe in the form of a fichu. The Baroness Henri de Rothschild was very simply dressed in black with a wreath of green aigrettes around the hat, which was high crowned and inspired by the Directoire. Madame Michel Ephrusi was also in black satin, trimmed with blue fringes. On her big tall hat with its wide brim, she had a mass of black and blue feathers. The Marquise de Jaucourt was in black silk jersey with a little hat of black satin ornamented with falling osprey. Near her stood a young woman who was very smart in a redingote of black satin, cut very narrow and crossed to fasten at the side, with a fichu collar of silk tricot striped in black and white and tied like a peasant's neckerchief. The Baroness Edouard de Rothschild was draped in a black satin cape.

OF SOBER DISTINCTION

In short, the women of the world went to the races to manifest their desire to contribute to the reestablishment of normal life. They were dressed with elegance, but they kept the discreet and reserved note imposed by memories of the

past. Of course, here and there in the crowd, one saw the eccentricities without which no race-meet would be complete, but which one never expects to see widely adopted. However, no chronicle of these first race days would give an adequate picture without mentioning, at least, of such oddities as the costume of one young woman who was draped from head to foot in Paisley shawl, frack, cape, and turtleneck top. Everything was made of Indian cashmeres with brilliant pattern on a black ground, such as used to form a part of every trousseau in our grandmothers' time. If this mode should take, there will be very little for the fashion reporter to say about it, for a crowd of women dressed in Paisley would be terribly monotonous.

PARIS ADOPTS THE BABY-BUGGY

Getting out to the race-track is a real problem. There are not yet nearly enough private cars to supply the demand of those who are willing to pay the present immense prices; taxis cannot accommodate all the people who think to take them. The trams and bus services are packed to suffocation; and the *lyons* men, with their delightful little steamers driven by the police, which used to pick up and down the Seine and furnish the pleasantest of the longest route to Longchamps, are all tied up before the bridge at Arcueil where lack of fuel threatens to cause them to remain.

As a solution of the problem, the use of "side-cars" fitted with taximeters has been suggested, and we are promised a fleet of them before



CHANEL

It needs no prophet to predict that the motor wrap of autumn will be a warm and enveloping cape. One of the present versions of this "cape-manteau" is of grey and black satin



CHANEL

The great American cowboy (as known to the masses) was the inspiration of this black satin coat, fringed with black silk and collared with just a flowing handkerchief tie



LEBRETON

Paris lends to the silk sweater a colour far above that granted it in New York. This model rises to the distinction of a gold cloth ending to its Irish silk beginning, and the old-gold just that matches it exactly.



LEBRETON

"Scotch" silk takes its name from the purple, red, and blue which it twists into a heather mixture, and its little blue fringes are there because there's a fringe on every edge in Paris.

the end of the summer, at a tariff which will be much lower than that of the taxis. The dough-boys have named them "baby-buggies," for there are hundreds in use by American officers on official business. If they come into general use, women will have to add an adjustable veil and veil-case; the formidable number of essential effects which they already carry with them, for

"If you want a new blouse," says the Parisienne, "try a sweater." Why should so satisfactory a garment be limited to a single rôle, especially with the new severe tailleur crying aloud for just such a blouse as this in dark blue silk embroidered in light blue, gold, and red.

LEBRETON

ing; so that those who have been fortunate enough to be able to replenish their garages may once more avail themselves of this most pleasant means of travel. For those who use their cars for long trips, there is a choice between the two forms of dressing, the tailleur and sports clothes. Whether one chooses the one or the other, one must add a comfortably heavy wrap in this section of the



LEBRETON

The knitted frock has recently taken to itself metal threads. Very many silver bands counter-balance the great simplicity of this smoke grey frock knitted of alternate threads of silk and wool. Matching hat from Valentine About

no one thinks of leaving the house nowadays without powder and lip-stick, purse, notebook, and smoking paraphernalia, to which the latest addition is the little gold "briquet" shown on page 41, for lighting the perpetual cigarette in these days of scarcity of matches.

The accessory is most important at the present moment and very interesting, making possible a series of variations upon the serge or tricot theme, which prevents monotony in dress. I saw the other day a simple serge frock which had been turned into a "costume" by the care with which the accompanying trifles had been chosen. The hat, foot-gear, furs, gloves, and bag were all of that shade which the French call "blond," and each was quite perfect. The hat was a little toque of silk flower petals with a short embroidered veil, the pattern just covering the eyes, darkening and giving them mystery. The fur was a long-pelted fox; the shoes were of suède with Cuban heels and square suède-covered buckles, and the stockings matched them exactly and were very sheer. The bag was the favoured one of the moment, that is to say large, of blond suède mounted in tortoise-shell and with a monogram in tiny brilliants. The gloves were like those shown at the top of page 38 at the left, of white kid with a gauntlet cuff buttoned at the side with one button and stitched and lined in blond. Most noteworthy of all, the wearer had made up with a "blond" powder which exactly matched the rest of the details of her attire.

Certainly the makers of bags must be working overtime; for besides the favourite and very expensive suède variety, there are jewels in bead-work in every shop dealing with such costly trifles, which must have taken days and days of labour to complete. At the right of the group on page 38 is shown a little evening trifle made of looped fringes of opaque white beads; and on page 41 there is an evening bag from Martial et Armand of supple gold brocade, the pattern of which has been followed in the tiniest coral-coloured beads ever seen. The mounting of this bag is in ivory, dyed coral red and carved with an elephant for luck.

DRESSING FOR MOTOR TRAVEL

Among the restrictions which are no more, is that of the fifty-kilometer limit to motor tour-



LEBRETON

A frock for formal wear is of black and silver threads knitted on very large needles, giving the effect of a sheer fabric beaded. Silver bands the frock and matching scarf and makes a bow on the matching hat from Valentine About



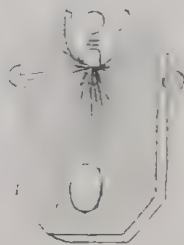
MARTIAL ET ARMAND

The echo from men's modes which finds favour this summer is exemplified in this blouse of fine white linen which takes daring liberties with the lines of a dress shirt, softening them with frills and adding a most informal tie



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

For a light and sporty effect, this jacket is made of white poplin with fine red and blue stripes, making a delicate contrast with the linen. Cut on the bias in true mantel fashion, the waist ends at the sides in front



globe, for one is almost never too warm while motoring in Northern France. On page 38, at the left, Paquin presents one of these ample garments in a form which is practically a forecast for autumn, when we are promised a hundred versions of the "cape-manteau." The other Paquin model is a sports frock of English flannel and rough serge. The skirt is box-plaited, accentuating the arrangement of alternate grey stripes on a cream ground and cream stripes on grey; the sleeveless waistcoat is of the same material, while the jacket is of serge which is just the green of a roulette table. At each side are placed two "godets," a detail which is an invention of the house of Paquin and is used again at the sides of a most attractive model, a covert-cloth suit which otherwise is almost as conventional as a riding-habit.

The popularity of tricot or jersey grows rather than diminishes. Every woman can be interested at once in a new sort of sweater, and, contrary to the New York fashion, it is silk rather than wool which claims her fancy. Though it is not considered correct in New York, a silk sweater with a skirt of tweed, linen, or serge, is a sort of dress which is perfectly permissible on the street in Paris, where it appeared last summer with a success which has led to its continuance this year. Silk sweaters, sometimes elaborately embroidered like the example from Lebreton in the middle on page 40 are worn with a tailleur instead of a blouse on chilly days. A favourite combination is a skirt of grey Harris tweed cut very simply with pockets in the front, a grey silk sweater of the slip-on variety, belted with a scarf of itself, matching shoes with straight instead of Louis XV heels (for Paris will not hear of the New York fashion of low heels for morning dress), and for head-gear, either a sports hat to match the sweater, a very simple shape in plain felt, or a straw of some shape borrowed from masculine attire, the sailor, the fedora, or even the derby. Of the two sweaters shown on the same page, one is woven of a novelty silk

Who would complain of a scarcity of hats in Paris, at the inevitable close of the season, be lighted at this most engaging and "brilliant"



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

The lusiest people in Paris are the hat makers, and endless and delightful is the story of their successes in the day



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

Blue and grey are the coloring, and the pattern is a delicate and refined one, and the handle is of a light color.

called "Scotch" in three or four shades all twisted together like a "heather mixture," and the other is the regular combination of a dark silk with metal, either silver or gold.

METAL THREADS IN TRICOT FRACKS

The use of metal threads is a feature of the knitted fracks for which the demand is greater than ever. A simple one shown at the left on page 42, is of alternate threads of silk and wool liberally striped with silver; the combinations include maroon and gold, rust and silver, blue and silver, and black and gold. The hat shown with this frack is of stuff woven to match and has a collapsible crown that goes into its place like an accordion. At the right on page 40 is another gown of this stuff in a more elaborate variety. It is made of a fine dark black silk mingled with a thread of silver, and is knitted in such large needles that the mesh is very wide and open. The silver thread gives it the effect, at a little distance, of being beaded all over. There are two groups of three silver stripes on the skirt, and the frack is worn over a black silk foundation and has a brief field of black tulle at the décolleté neck. The effect is really very elaborate, and the gown is to be worn for afternoon with the accessories of scarf, parasol, high-heeled shoes, and long gloves which one would expect to see with a chaffan or satin gown usually worn in the afternoon.

HATS FOR THE MOTORIST

The tricot hats shown with these two fracks are made by Valentine About who also designed the motor hats shown on page 42. Two of these, at the left and right in the middle of the page, are for the woman who drives her own car, —no longer an extraordinary person. One of these little hats is of Italian grey felt, that is to say, the colour of the Italian uniform. It is trimmed with a band of tulle and a cockade with tassels of the same shade, and the feature of it is that in bad weather the wearer can turn it about and wear



MARTIAL ET ARMAND

The sweater shown, not wearing trousers, is light in color, and is made of a fine silk. The most interesting feature is the wide, open, and the handle is of a light color.

it the other way, making a sort of "sou'wester" which perfectly protects the back of her hair from the rain. The second little hat for the woman driver is of fine liséré straw in dark blue with the edges all bound with grosgrain ribbon, bright with little bunches of Dresden flowers on a simple ground of black.

VEILS OF DOUBLE USEFULNESS

The motorist at the top of this page is not a Bedouin, though she looks like one. She wears a close cap of royal blue, and her great veil of the same shade is put on over it and held in place by a double twist of the chiffon. Her eyes are carefully shaded from the glare, and she may do just as she pleases with the two ends, twist them around her neck, tie them behind, or allow them to float at each side. Two drawings of the fourth little motor hat are shown, in order that it may demonstrate its cleverness. It begins with a close cap of fine black straw tied about with a bright pink bow of taffeta ribbon. Over this is draped a veil of thin black net edged with a plaited frill. The wearer may pin her veil around



VALENTINE ABOUT

The harem veil comes again to the assistance of the West in this adaptation in royal blue silk and chiffon designed for the motorist



VALENTINE ABOUT

Wind resisting and sun-dripping is this hat for the woman who drives her own car, as many a smart Parisienne does. It is in dark blue liséré straw, bound and banded with black ribbon enlivened by little painted flowers



Tasma

A close little hat of marron straw with close little rust coloured feathers frames the piquant face of Mlle. Greuze when she drives her motor

LEWIS



VALENTINE ABOUT

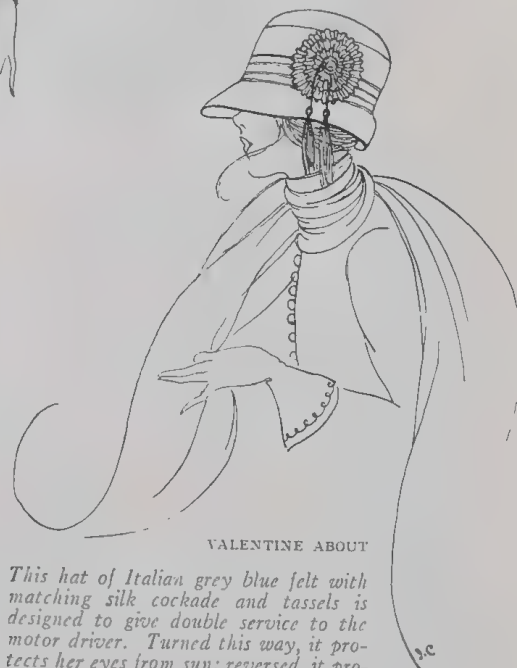
In these days when one motors everywhere and welcomes every breeze, it is something of a problem how to arrive in undiminished daintiness. This clever little motor hat and veil were born for just such service. On the way to the garden-party (left), the veil of black net falls over the pink sashed black straw hat, protects face and hair, and forms a Pierrot collar about the neck. Once arrived (right), the wearer changes a pin or two and appears framed in an airy frill like the phost of a poke-bonnet

her neck so that the frill forms a Pierrot collar, or she may fold it back over her hat and bring the frill about her face like the daintiest of poke-bonnets, veiling her shoulders like a cape with the rest of the accommodating veil.

BLOUSES AT MARTIAL ET ARMAND'S

Sports clothes and tailleurs both demand blouses to accompany them, and Martial et Armand show us three versions on page 41, from their branch on the rue de la Paix where such things as blouses, parasols, bags, and fine underwear are grown. This house always enjoys the effect of a touch of masculinity in woman's dress. One chemisette is a new version of the "gilet-blouse" which we had before the war and is excellent for wear with a tailored suit. The other is taken from a man's evening dress and is developed in fine white linen with a regular Latin Quarter tie. The third is a novelty in the form of a sweater-blouse, in bright green jersey silk embroidered in fine tan wool in a becoming manner.

M. H.



VALENTINE ABOUT

This hat of Italian grey blue felt with matching silk cockade and tassels is designed to give double service to the motor driver. Turned this way, it protects her eyes from sun; reversed, it protects her hair from rain

PARIS THRONGS TO THE FIRST RACES IN FIVE YEARS



de Givenchy

At Autcuil appeared this blue serge frock with generous sash and waistcoat of white linen, short sleeves, and Chéruit's new insignia, a large embroidered white circle outlined by a black ring



Seiberg Frères

At Longchamp, Gaby Deslys, star of the "Moulin de la Ville," wore a dress of draped and pleated silk. At her right is Max Dearly, the very popular actor who plays the leading role in "Le Roi des Pigeons"

At the first Sunday meet at Longchamp, this frock of light silk was introduced a way of keeping the short skirt at just the right height

As might be expected, a motif in lace at the waist was introduced by the races, for which the costume is ideal. The material is of golden tulle



Seiberg Frères

The Maitre Laitier, the very first of the popular milkmen of France, now, after a "very good" year, has a new cap of gold and silver, and a new suit of matching gold and silver



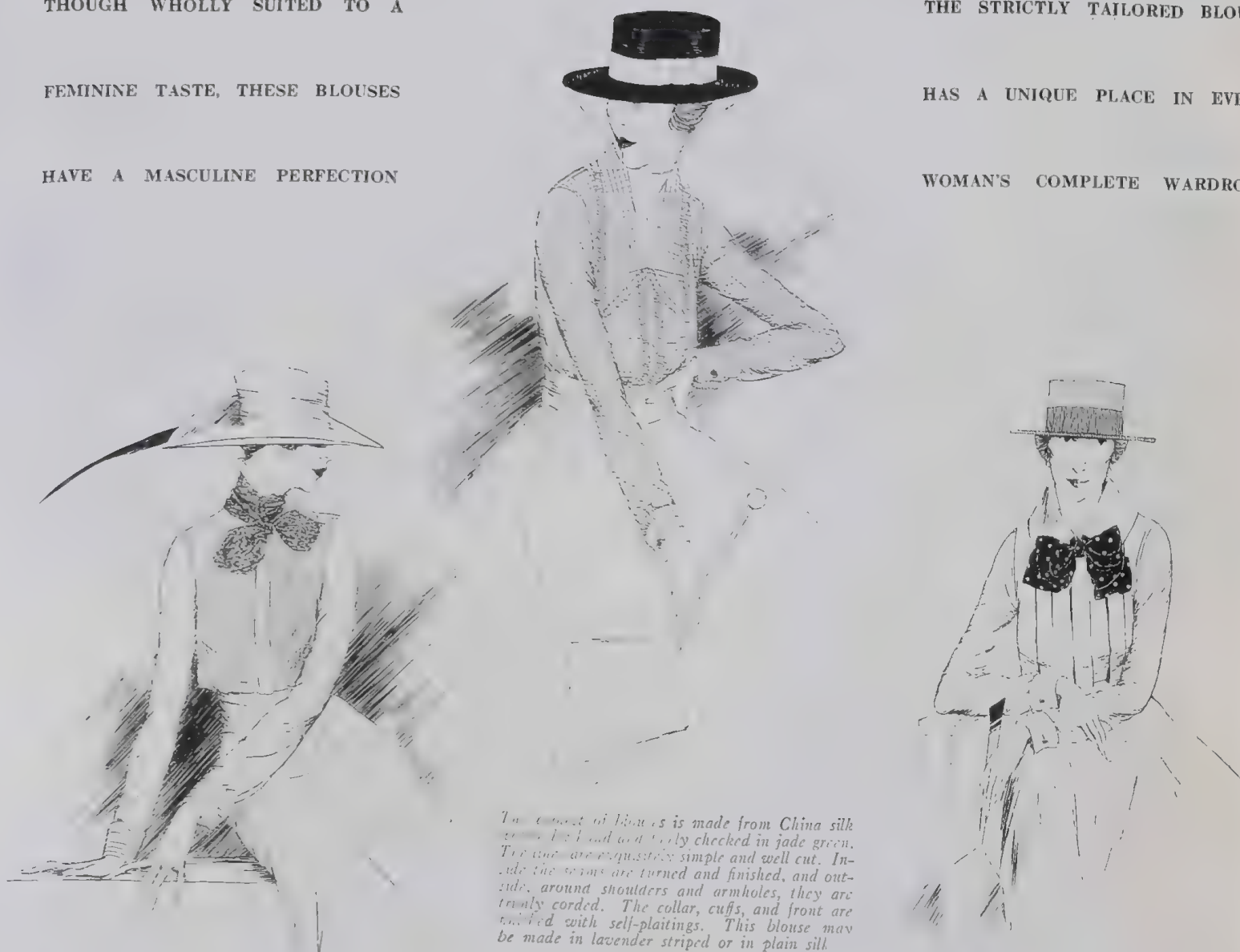
Seiberg Frères



de Givenchy

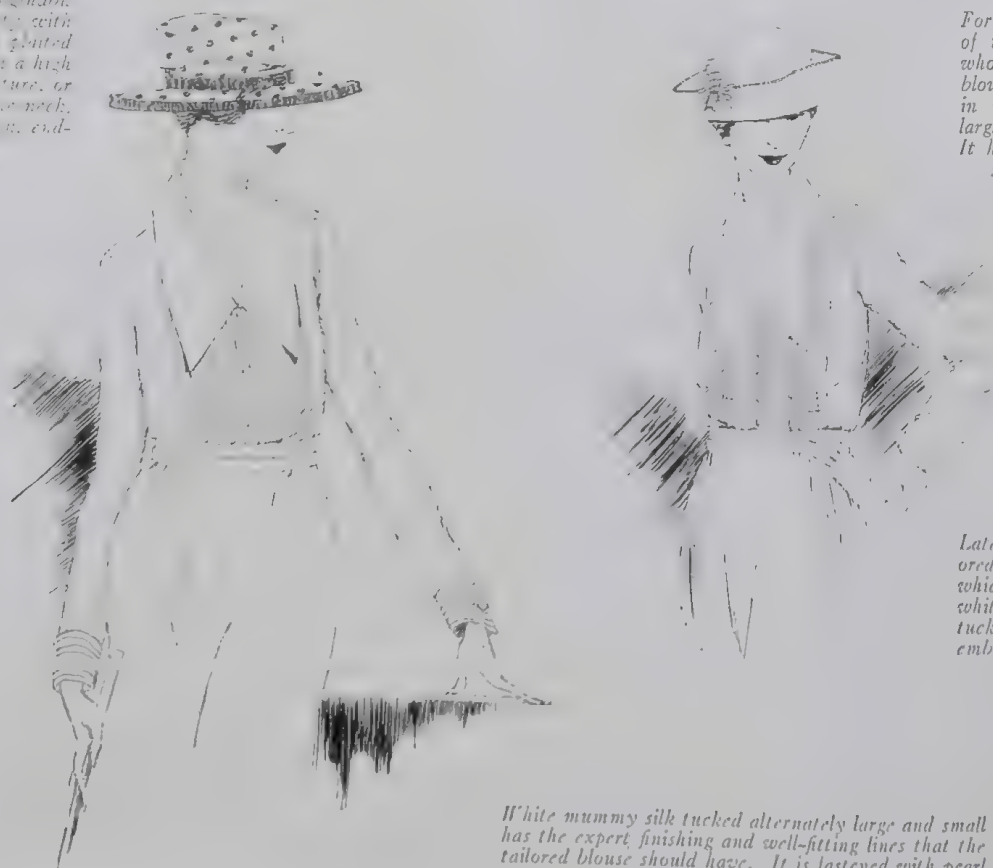
THOUGH WHOLLY SUITED TO A
FEMININE TASTE, THESE BLOUSES
HAVE A MASCULINE PERFECTION

THE STRICTLY TAILORED BLOUSE
HAS A UNIQUE PLACE IN EVERY
WOMAN'S COMPLETE WARDROBE



The most of blouses is made from China silk
which is hand and fully checked in jade green.
The lines are exquisitely simple and well cut. In-
side the seams are turned and finished, and out-
side, around shoulders and armholes, they are
truly corded. The collar, cuffs, and front are
finished with self-plaitings. This blouse may
be made in lavender striped or in plain silk.

The very short for a rainy night
is made of light blue dimity with
puffed bosom and trim pointed
cuffs. It can be worn with a high
collar, as shown in the picture, or
with a low collar and a high neck.
The lower the front is shown, end-
ing in crisp loops.



For the very very tailored woman
of that particularly boyish type
who wears Eton collars, is this
blouse of dimity or mummy silk
in white. The front has three
large box-plaits and the back, one.
It has the perfection of line that
simplicity demands.

Latest and smartest among tail-
ored blouses is the "Dixie" shirt
which has an imported bosom of
white linen marked with tiny
tucks and narrow bands of hand-
embroidery in white or in colour.

White mummy silk tucked alternately large and small
has the expert finishing and well-fitting lines that the
tailored blouse should have. It is fastened with pearl
buttons and hand-made buttonholes.

SUMMER IN THE LAND OF DREAM CASTLES



At San Sebastian where old and new blend in that most brilliant of Spanish summer resorts, the continental élite gather to bathe, to watch bull-fights in the circular arena, and otherwise to find diversion

THERE are few more delightful spots in which to spend the summer than Spain, but it may be necessary, before one can fully appreciate the truth of this, to furbish up one's traditional ideas on this new-old country, just as one furbishes up the luggage, and to supply what is lacking. Historic tales of the Inquisition have left in our minds the image of a Spain peopled with harsh black-cowled monks, fanatic friars, austere dames, and cruel kings, and set with deep dungeons and racks and Spanish cradles. Instead of dominating the whole picture, however, these long gloomy shades should serve only as a rich, if sombre, background for the gay brilliant present, that strange mingling of fantastic tradition and modern thought, the present with which we are growing increasingly familiar through the books of the great Spanish novelist, Ibañez.

THE ALLURE OF SPAIN

Spain is the land of light as well as shadow, of mirth as well as severity. For this very blend of whatever is most contrary in the human soul and in nature is precisely what has made her so alluring. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, does one feel as deeply the wonderful elation born of laughter and insouciance and of the very joy of living as in Spain.

This is happily exemplified in her holiday resorts. All down her Northern coast from the mouth of the Bidassoa, that historic little river

which separates her from France, to the extreme end of the Galician Province, the Spanish shores are dotted with pleasure towns of every possible size and description. From the royal residences where throng people of fashion, to the little fishing villages in the shadow of the mighty Northern mountains, every place has a charm of its own.

Coming in from France and once safely through the Customs House of Irún, the traveller finds himself within an hour's distance of San Sebastian, the capital of Guipúzcoa, one of the three Basque provinces and undoubtedly the gayest of the gay Spanish cities during the summer months. San Sebastian first became famous as a bathing resort during the early widowhood of the Queen Mother. With a fine disregard for tradition and for the magnificent but rather gloomy palaces of "La Granja" and "El Pardo," she chose to make it her residence during the hot season in order that the little King and the young Princess should enjoy the full advantage of the sea breeze and pure air. Queen Christina's presence very soon transformed the unpretentious and rather sleepy little town into one of the brightest and most fashionable of watering-places. Everybody who was anybody naturally followed in the wake of the Sovereign, and for



(Left) View of San Sebastian from the hillside, showing the town and the sea. (Right) A large crowd of people gathered in a square or plaza in San Sebastian.

several years now San Sebastian has been the centre, the meeting-place of the fashionable world of Spain during the summer months. Yet the Basques have been wise enough not to make San Sebastian too conspicuous in appearance, for they have carefully preserved the old part of the town in all its pristine and picturesque beauty, and built a new town beside it. To the success of the resort bear witness the crowds of gay and fashionable foreigners, pleasure seekers from all parts of the globe, who flock daily into Spain through the French frontier to enjoy the novelty of a bull-fight or a good match of pelota, the famous national sport.

PLEASURES FOR EVERY TASTE

People who are fond of amusement have little time for repose in San Sebastian. Mornings are usually given to a dip in the ocean from the "Cancha," that lovely beach shaped like a shell. Then comes a promenade before lunch which is followed by a bull-fight, an afternoon at the race-course, or an excursion to one of the many beautiful haunts with which the city is surrounded. If none of these amusements is acceptable, there is always tennis to be had and golf and boating as well. It is usual to dine at some fashionable restaurant, and the evening is ended at one of the many theatres which are always open, or at the Casino, where one may

(Continued on page 84)

SUMMER IN THE
GARDEN OF MRS.
JOHN S. NEW-
BERRY, GROSSE
POINTE FARMS,
NEAR DETROIT



A latticed pergola encloses one side of the main garden, a stucco wall the other. In the foreground, hemerocallis, or lemon lilies, all nodding with the fairy bloom of columbines in endless array of pastel tints, look toward the bird-bath, on the other side of which grow borders of lavender candytuft and the rising spikes of white and pink foxgloves

On either side the broad walk flanking the sun parlour of the house, grow masses of bloom in delicate colours, — clove-pinks and iris, columbines, foxgloves, and phlox — with boxed hydrangeas for decorative emphasis. The blue of Lake St. Clair gleams through trees in the background

A VARIETY OF
GLOWING COLOURS
IN THE NEWPORT
GARDENS OF
MRS. HUGH D.
AUCHINCLOSS



A teasing, haunting, dawn coloured place is the enclosed rose garden at "Hammersmith Farm," which is entered through fluted columns with lattices on either side bearing the fragrant weight of a riot of roses. Leading from the rose garden is a long gravelled path which ends in a rustic gate and a vista of sea and sky. In this corner, many blossoms flower gaily



Flanked with blue lilies of the Nile, broad stone steps lead from the pergola to a flat green brocade of lawn outlined with the precision of enamel-work by trim privet hedges. Beyond this, the deep colour of a hardy border finds a woody background in a blueness of trees and shrubbery



Kazuo, Jan

MRS COURTLANDT FIELD BISHOP

Mrs. Bishop, formerly Miss Amy Bend, spends her summers at Lenox, Massachusetts. She and her husband, who are both enthusiastic motorists and who have toured extensively in Europe and America, are at present on a motoring trip in California. Mr. Bishop was one of the first devotees of aviation. He and Mrs. Bishop are also lovers of animals and have a collection of pets brought from many parts of the world.

A GREEN MEMORIAL to the MEN who DIED in FRANCE

THAT one apple-tree, it is not too much to assert, was the work of the hands of Simon Boudinot. If nature had greatly assisted in its production, Simon refused to credit the fact, as he bargained with the fruit buyers from across the Channel or talked with the garrulousness of age to the latest newcomer to the district.

"For thirty years I make that tree," he said. "In the January Duval was born, I graft it on the stock, I let it grow; and when he was walking in the summer-time, I pruned it. When he was two and a half years old, M'sieu, he walk under that tree and pick the first apple,—of what a fineness, but not so fine as this. I fertilize the soil, I scrub off the blight with a brush, and bind the trunk with tar paper against the weevil. And it grow fine and straight and tall and firm, like Duval, M'sieu. Now, Duval, he won't come back from the war, but that tree, he stand till little Antoine grow big enough for the summer pruning and the apple-picking in the fall."

It took one German and a knife exactly ten minutes to decide the fate of that apple-tree. He cut a neat white girdle about the smooth trunk and right into the heart of it. When the Allied armies occupied that district, its leafy crown had fallen away and it would bear no apples for the small Antoine, although one of the many hundreds of stretcher-bearers who rallied to the aid of the skilled but overwhelmed French gardeners bound it up as carefully as a broken limb.

FRENCH ORCHARDS DIED BY THE SWORD

Wherever dynamite and the ax, though applied with efficiency to the orchards of the liberated regions in France, had failed of their object, healing fingers bound up the wounded trees. But in the Aisne district alone, sixty thousand fruit-trees died by the sword, and very few remained among the blackened ruins of a former garden spot. Old Simon came back with his thousands of fellows after it was all over to find the work of his hands as the Germans left it. The land, bought back at the price of many lives, was stripped, when not actually shell-pitted, and France has very little which may restore the manifold injury.

A group of American women, organized under the name of the New York Bird and Tree Club,



© Underwood & Underwood

To restore such peaceful scenes as this is the aim of the New York Bird and Tree Club, which is expending this summer some twelve thousand dollars raised through its efforts to replace the orchards of France which died by the sword

are now working to aid in meeting this particular need. In direct communication with the French government, they are offering this summer a sum of twelve thousand dollars to aid in restoring the orchards of France, and as a memorial to American soldiers who died on French soil.

"The divinest form that money can wear," was Thomas Hardy's phrase in describing the golden stacks of grain that awaited the flail of the Wessex farms; one is tempted to borrow it. Next spring, by the skill of French gardeners and the kindness of Providence, a sum of American money will wear a form he might have characterized in the same way,—the form of stripling fruit trees blossoming in the battle-scarred regions of France.

It is hard not to say too much about this form of memorial at a time when so many forms are being considered. Scarcely two weeks before his death, Roosevelt expressed his approval of this sort of monument. Trees as tributes to our soldier dead are being planted in many places in this country,—in the West, in Philadelphia, in Louisiana, where along five hundred miles of highway "victory oaks" are to stand.

Beside the hundreds of single trees given for a tribute to the memory of individual soldiers, there will be orchards planted in honour of Quentin Roosevelt and Lieutenant Blair Thaw, and, most appropriately, to Sergeant Joyce Kilmer. It was a poem from this merry hearted and much-beloved poet-journalist that the Bird and Tree

Club chose for the attractive cards given every one contributing a tree.

Even though they had given most devoted energy, the Club members were astonished at the results they had obtained with a small personnel and almost no publicity. After the presentation of the plan and the preparation of the cards, they had expected to receive contributions for perhaps a thousand trees. Within six weeks, they had received over eleven thousand dollars, meaning practically the same number of trees. For such a large enterprise, a formal business organization was required, this was provided, with headquarters at 1357 Broadway, where Mr. Gilbert Pearson, the New York head of the Audubon Society, acts as assistant treasurer.

The management of the Club presents an interesting list of names, including that of the famous naturalist, John Burroughs. Among the directors are Dr. George W. Vincent, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, and Dr. George F. Kunze. Mrs. R. Bert A. Miller is president.

It is hardly necessary to say that American aid meets with the warmest gratitude from the French people to whom it is offered. Only a very little assistance is needed to put new courage into the French who live by the soil and who are not "downhearted" even yet. "One digs a little everywhere," said old Madame Herbin, who was making her garden at Tartières,—"where there are fewest shells." She was suffering from rheumatism, as she might at the age of eighty, and could only dig in four days what she used to do in a morning; but still she insisted on working, saying with a broad smile on her red weather-beaten face, "One must plant for next winter."

AT THE HANDS OF THE ALLIES

The forest trees of France suffered considerably at the hands of her Allies. It is very difficult to find any Gascon in the district of Dordogne who does not regard the American soldier as the natural enemy of his beloved pine forests. While the occupied regions were being deforested by bombardment and vandalism, the pine forests were being levelled by Canadian and American foresters to meet war needs. And because the country gave practically all the available timber, we should be eager to replant it.

FRIENDLY TAVERNS by the SIDE of MOTOR ROADS

IT is nearly forty years since Stevenson, writing from Bournemouth to W. E. Henley, put into his own inimitable phrase one of the eternal longings of mankind:

"I spy a little bright café in one corner of the port, in front of which I now propose we should sit down. There is just enough of the bustle of the harbour and no more; and the ships are close in, regarding us with stern-windows—the ships that bring deals from Norway and parrots from the Indies. Let us sit down here for twenty years, with a packet of tobacco and a drink, and talk of art and women."

It was in the selfsame letter that Stevenson voiced another age-old craving of healthy humanity in the words:

"I do desire a book of adventure—a romance

—and no man will get or write me one. Dumas I have read and re-read too often; Scott, too, and I am short. I want to hear swords clash. . . . I want a book to begin in a good way:

CHAPTER ONE

"The night was damp and cloudy, the ways foul. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveller, when the sound of wheels—"

"That," wrote Stevenson, "is how stories should begin." And that—more than ever in these mechanical matter-of-fact days of subways, apartment houses, and prohibition—is the feeling a good many of us hide away, deep in our starved, adventurous, romantic city souls. Inns—and the

road. Adventure—and a cosy tavern. The faring gaily forth—and afterward, the "bright café in the corner of some port!" Oh that we could find it oftener, that Inn, that cosy, cool-in-summer corner, that place of refuge for our tired, hot, dusty, every-day souls!

And now July is here with roses in the country and blistering pavements in the city; Stevenson's Great North Road is not for us, but there's still the Old Post Road, and automobiles have displaced the coach that used to take three days from the Bowery to the "Roasted Pig." All day the Avenue is like molten lead, the Park a grey dust-coated back-drop by Joseph Urban, the air a fiery choking blast. It's ho! for the car and the winding road, a long, sunny, windy day, grey

(Continued on page 82)



Publishers Photo Service

Brown and Dawson

Sloping its perfect length of smooth hard surface up and up, the Government road in Paradise Valley leads to Mt. Rainier National Park. Presiding over the beauties of forest and prairie looms the great jagged mountain itself, second highest in the United States

In a country where great glaciers gnaw their way down the mountain sides, Taylor Glacier holds a place of fame. It lies between Thatchtop Mountain and Taylor Peak



Publishers Photo Service

The ragged cliffs of the Continental Divide serve as lonely thrones for the great bleak eagle, our National bird whose haunt is the Rocky Mountains

BROAD AND PERFECT HIGHWAYS LEAD THE
EAGER MOTORIST THROUGH THE VARYING
WONDERS OF THE SNOWY CASCADE MOUNTAINS



Brown and Dawson

Along the many mountain roads, nature has given the motorist a view of the great Northwest, from the rolling hills of the Puget Sound to the rugged peaks of the Cascade Range.

Queen of the roads is the great Cascade River Highway that winds its smooth way up into the mountains. One road cuts up the face of the mountain from the river, the other on the forested hills of the Cascade Range.

From Seattle to the coast, the motorist may find the Cascade Range in a variety of ways. The road is a beautiful one, and the view is a beautiful one.



Asahel Churchill

THE MOTORIST IN THE FAR WEST MAY ENJOY THE
SMOOTH RIVER HIGHWAYS OF OREGON AND WASH-
INGTON WITH NATURAL BEAUTY ON EVERY SIDE

FOLLOWING GYPSY TRAILS IN TOURING-CARS

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of the summer motor-cars. The motoring public has definitely and entirely turned away from the stereotyped, cast-in-the-mold form of car with which we were all too familiar two or three seasons ago. An effort is now being made by the designers of new cars—even by those who turn out multiples of thousands—to strike a note of individuality and distinction in the models which they create. Thus the influence of the custom-built car is plainly seen. For a long time it has been the practice in Europe, where the production of motor-cars has been on a scale far less ambitious than in this country, to buy the chassis and body separately and, in so far as possible, to seek expression, in the latter, of one's individual taste in motor design. In this country as well, this has been a growing habit that has been noticed for the last few seasons.

INDIVIDUALITY IN CARS

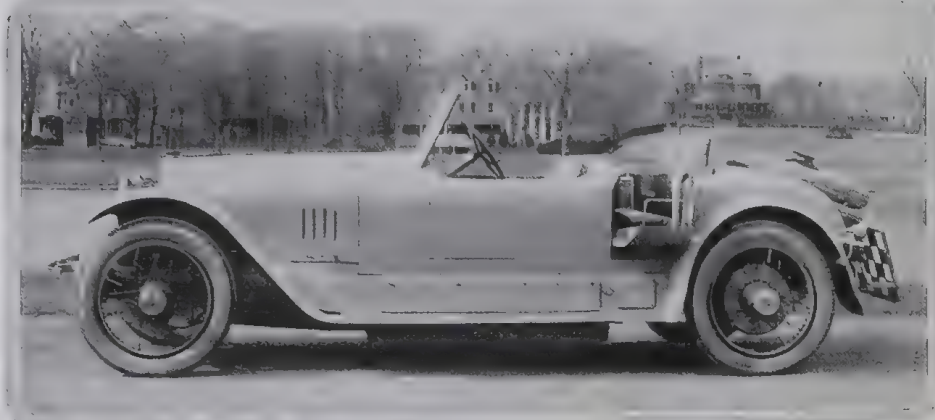
It is not surprising, therefore, that the effect of the custom-built body should be strongly felt in the cars which one meets upon the roads this summer. Not only are there more motors than ever before for which the bodies have been individually designed, but the influence of this kind of design has had a marked effect on the so-called "stock" bodies which come with the cars and which, like the chassis, are products of the factories. They are showing a marked refinement of line.

In general line, the cars of the year may be said to seek an effect of length and lowness to the ground. There is a very distinct trend toward the high hood and the long deep cowl which, combined, give the impression of force and power. In several cases, the double cowl idea is carried beyond the usual point, as in one of the illustrations on this page. So expressed, it undoubtedly adds a dignity and finish to the car which are difficult to obtain otherwise.

The open bodies can not be said to tend either to straight lines or to rounded lines, as the field is fairly equally divided between these types of design. Perhaps the gain is in the camp of the straight line adherents. There is certainly much to be said in favour of this kind of treatment, in which all curves are eliminated and hood lines, fenders, mouldings, and cowls are all handled with directness and in flat effects. When this type of design is carried to an extreme and accentuated by pointed lamps and unnecessary angles, it becomes freakish and is to be avoided. But when it is held in restraint, it seems essentially suitable as a method of treatment for a vehicle like the mo-

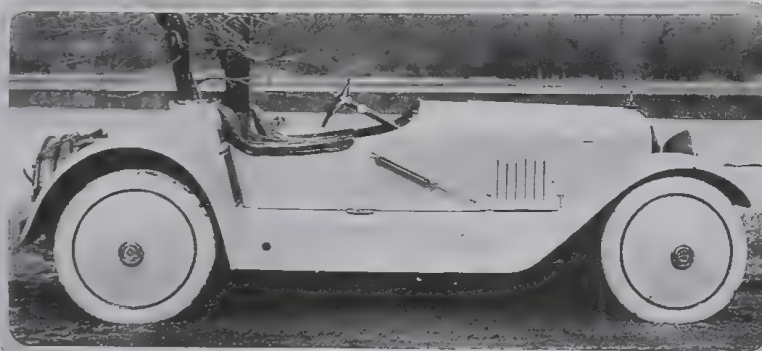
In this Mercer race about, disc wheels, step pad, and slip-cover design are interesting features

(Right) One can ride in a chair, vis à vis with those on the rear seat, in this Franklin four-passenger coupé



Seats in the rear doors of this Locomobile roadster expand it from a two to a six-passenger capacity

A handle to grasp when getting into the front seat is a convenience on this new Mitchell model

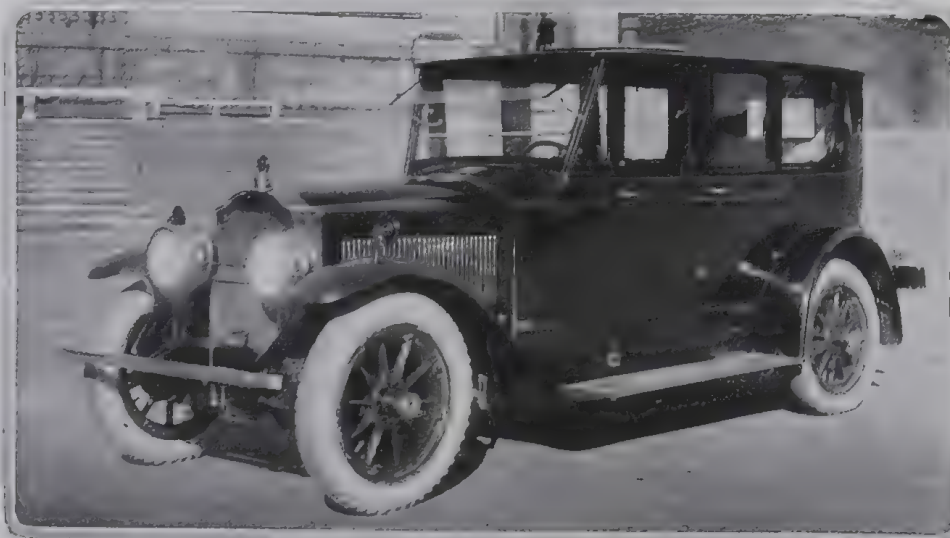


The fact is that, under nearly all conditions, the enclosed type, such as the sedan and the suburban and touring limousine, is cooler and more pleasant to ride in in hot weather than the open car. By the lowering of windows and the adjustment of the wind-shield, one may have as much air as one likes in the closed models, but the permanent top is an ever-ready protection from the heat of the sun. The partial enclosure of the body walls also brings with it escape from disagreeable dust and road dirt.

THE POPULARITY OF CLOSED BODIES

There are many signs of the realization of this fact on the part of both the manufacturer and the public. The types of closed bodies are multiplying in number to meet individual requirements. For example, one sees not a few inside-drive models for three or four passengers. There are many motorists who do not have occasion to use a full sedan, but who desire, nevertheless, more passenger capacity than is afforded by the ordinary coupé. They can secure readily enough a four-passenger roadster or close-coupled open car, but not until this season did they have range of choice if, as was frequently the case, they desired to join the advantages of the inside-drive with those of the car designed for four persons. Oddly enough, this type of car is one which lends itself particularly well to long touring. It has the protection and coziness afforded by enclosure, combined with the ease of riding which can only be attained when the passenger weight is carried pretty well between the axles. In addition, it is usually designed—and should always be designed—to leave protected space for luggage.

Straight lines and the decoration given by body mouldings mark this seven passenger inside-drive body by Holbrook on a Packard twelve chassis





Hartling

The walls of this picture-book dining-room in an old-fashioned cottage bloom gaily with posies, red and pink, on a white ground with small blue buds and bits of green peeping through. White dotted Swiss sash-curtains and a rag carpet bright with rose and blue checks are just the right setting for all those things dear to the heart of the novelist,—Windsor chairs, a Queen Anne gate-leg table, and an old oak dresser holding blue and yellow plates. Pewter and old-pink lustre china are spread for tea for two; decorations from W'anamaker



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

(L. T. The old-fashioned dining-room is a picture-book of itself. The walls are covered with posies, red and pink, on a white ground with small blue buds and bits of green peeping through. White dotted Swiss sash-curtains and a rag carpet bright with rose and blue checks are just the right setting for all those things dear to the heart of the novelist,—Windsor chairs, a Queen Anne gate-leg table, and an old oak dresser holding blue and yellow plates. Pewter and old-pink lustre china are spread for tea for two; decorations from W'anamaker

TRICKS OF CHARM TO

TUCK INTO COUNTRY

COTTAGE DINING-ROOMS

NEW WAYS OF USING

THE SIMPLICITY OF OLD-

FASHIONED SETTINGS



A magnificent, modeled bird of ice may form the central decoration of the buffet around which are grouped friends. The guests may be served from the table, and sufficient accessories should be conveniently at hand.

NOW that food restrictions no longer govern our entertaining, we may dwell again upon the aesthetic possibilities of foods and seek again to make our tables a feast for the eye as well as the palate. One of the best opportunities for thus making the dishes served a part of the decoration is afforded by the buffet supper, the cold dishes for which may be used to make a delightful decoration for the long table from which the supper is served. An authority on the subject who has originated many palatable and delicious dishes, is Louis Diat, head chef at the Ritz-Carlton, from whom *Vogue* has obtained the following rules for making the dishes which, in their final perfection, have been photographed for these pages.



ILLUSTRATION FROM THE RITZ-CARLTON

(Left) "Caneton Montmorency" is the "nom de guerre" of duckling with garniture of truffles and egg daisies. Silver and glass are a sparkling accompaniment; silver, Reed & Barton; glass, Higgins and Seiter.

These dishes are particularly appropriate to serve at a buffet supper during a dance, at a wedding-breakfast, or at a buffet lunch. On a long table covered with a lace cloth should be arranged a few of the most tempting dishes, such as cold meats in aspic, cold salmon, salads, and sweets. Flowers and decorative decanters add to the beauty of the table, and on a smaller table should be an ample supply of plates, napkins, and silver. Servants, of course, are always in attendance to assist the guests.

SAUMON NORVÉGIENNE

This is one of the most delicious of cold dishes. The salmon is boiled in a wine sauce and allowed to cool in it. When it is perfectly cold, the skin (Continued on page 86)

For the Modern Lucullus, the French Love of Beauty Is
Expressed by the French Chef In Foods Which Make Appeal
Not Less to the Aesthetic Eye Than to the Epicurean Palate



"Galantine de Volaille" would be an attractive feature of a wedding-breakfast. The design of black truffles on a lustrous white surface and the varied colours given to the slices by the mixture of tongue, truffles, and pistachio nuts lend an attraction; glass from Ovington

(Below) A tempting cold dish to be recommended as a course to serve at a buffet supper or a luncheon is "Poularde Vendôme" with a delicate tracery of truffles on the white jellied surface



Left Especially in hot weather much of the success of the table is the appearance of the food. Some cold dishes, such as the Poularde Vendôme, are particularly attractive, and the appearance of the food is of great importance. It is important to have the food served in a beautiful and attractive manner.

Below A tempting cold dish to be recommended as a course to serve at a buffet supper or a luncheon is "Poularde Vendôme". It is a cold dish, and is recommended as a course to serve at a buffet supper or a luncheon. It is a cold dish, and is recommended as a course to serve at a buffet supper or a luncheon.





(Below) Gay, picturesque, and quaint is the dining-room in the New York apartment of Mrs. Price Post with its brilliantly coloured wall-paper, called "Scenic America," printed in Alsace Lorraine in 1840 from five thousand wood-blocks. The refectory table, side table, and chairs are all emerald green, a colour reflected in the taffeta hangings. The luncheon table has a fine lace cover and a silver tankard for its decoration.

SUMMER LUNCHEON TABLES MAY WEAR

A SILVER TANKARD FOR THE SAKE OF SWEET

SIMPLICITY, OR GLASS OF ROSE AND GREEN

(Above) For the dessert course, old apple green Bristol glass and rose coloured French faience give cool colours. Green moss wreathes the centre mirror on which stand a low flower bowl and two boat-shaped dishes with a cargo of green grapes. In the black marbled top of the table are reflected the brilliant green of the glass and the impudent faience roosters which are seen but not heard; table decorations by Wanamaker.





The severe classical style following the Third Colonial Period has been called American Empire. It is successfully used in this dining room, where green painted walls, consoles, mirrors and table all produce a room of pleasing dignity

A classical Empire cornice of dull gold lightens the green walls. The white wood trim is early Georgian in character, the chairs of a Chippendale design and the rug shows Adam proclivities. A marble baseboards gives a foundation



Northend

The inset plaques and brackets with busts are Empire features. These busts reproduce in green bronze originals excavated at Herculaneum during the 18th Century. They were executed by di Angelis of Naples

AMERICAN EMPIRE

As Reproduced in the Dining Room of
E. Elliott Guild, Esq., at Boston, Mass.

LITTLE & BROWNE, Inc.





One can sit in the cool shade of the tea house and let the eye wander across the mirrored lily pool and trace its path up the brick steps and ramps of the terraces to the house on the hill. It is truly a garden of degrees. The axis lies east and west, with the house at the east commanding beautiful morning and evening views. It is enclosed with

walls of red and brown tapestry brick. The treads of the wide steps are flagstones nosed with brick. Crushed gray granite with brick edges makes the paths. The borders are planted with perennials giving, in this climate, a succession of bloom and variety of color and form for some ten months — from February to late December



The garden is as simple and dignified as the towering fir trees in the background, and the general aspect is pleasingly magnified by the vast surroundings of meadow and the rolling and partially wooded hills of the Tualatin Valley. From the house in the morning one sees the white columns of the temples glistening in the sun, thrown out in bold relief against the black green of the Douglas firs, and in the evening they are soft and subdued while the sun sinks in the jagged, sawtooth skyline formed by the giant firs



Half-encircled by the curved pergola and protected by the surrounding hills and woods, the lily pool is almost never ruffled by the wind, and the nymphæas grow there undisturbed. In this mild climate of Oregon one can live the whole year in this garden. Only a few weeks intervene between the last blooms of the late fall in December and the early spring flowers in February. Perhaps, on one or two mornings in January there may be a trace of ice on the pool, but it never lasts for long on the warmth of this sheltered valley

A FORMAL GARDEN IN THE NORTHWEST

"Glenwood," the Home of Mrs. T. B. Wilcox, Near Portland, Oregon

L. M. THIELEN, Landscape Architect



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Though Mae Murray's last film, "The Big Little Person," was altogether charming, she says very firmly that she is off the screen for some time and onto the stage

FAMOUS CURLS AND FAMOUS FACES

THAT HAVE STARRED REELS AND

REELS OF WELL-KNOWN PHOTO FILM

Baron de Meyer

Mr. Griffith's latest and greatest photoplay, "Broken Blossoms," affords to Lillian Gish an opportunity for out-recording herself—and every one knows what a record she already had



Hoover Art Company

Besides proving herself utterly irresistible in the screen version of "Daddy Long-Legs," Mary Pickford has proved herself so indispensable that William Hart, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, and David Griffith have taken her into a partnership of five



Juliet, in Shakespeare's play, is supposed to be a young lady rapidly approaching her sixteenth birthday. Miss Keane has, we are informed, already passed that important milestone in her career.



To the left a picture of Romeo and Juliet, the Juliet being Miss Keane, and the Romeo being no less a personage than Basil Sydney, her husband



The photographs above are interesting as showing two of the Juliet gowns which Miss Keane had specially designed for her, in her notable production at the Lyric Theatre, London

Ellen Terry, as the nurse. It is a matter worth remembering that Miss Terry's first appearance in Shakespeare was at the age of eight—63 years ago

Doris Keane, in Romeo and Juliet

Her Shakespearian Production Which Has Met with High Favor in London

MISS KEANE, the American actress, not long ago broke every sort of long-distance-run record in England, when she played "Romance," the drama by Edward Sheldon, for a period of three years. Her success in the same piece in America is a matter of too recent occurrence to need mention-

ing here. Last Autumn, in London, she produced "Roxana," which ran until the spring season, when she determined to try her luck with an important Shakespearian production. Her success in the rôle of Juliet has been a genuine one. Ellen Terry has been appearing with her as the nurse.



BRUGUIERE

The prologue of "The Bonds of Interest" introduces the characters as marionettes. The puppets come to life, and, in the play itself, have all the troubles of real human beings. The comedy was produced under the able direction of Philip Moeller



Helen Westley, who appeared in the play is one of the leading figures in the Theatre Guild, an organization of actors and playwrights which is producing a series of dramas at the Garrick

The production of "The Bonds of Interest" was particularly noteworthy for its costumes and scenery. Rollo Peters, who designed them, is the third figure from the left



The First Production by the New York Theatre Guild

"The Bonds of Interest" A Play from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente



ESTELLE WINWOOD

Estelle Winwood

An English Star, Shining Brightly in Our Dramatic Heavens

The Community Masque as a Substitute for War

It Has All the Features Except the Ocean Voyage

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

WITH War and Licker removed from the list of "What's Going On This Week," how will mankind spend the long summer evenings? Some advocate another war. Others recommend a piece of yeast in a glass of grape-juice. The effect is said to be equally devastating.

But there is a new school, led by Percy Mackaye, which brings forward a scheme for occupying the spare time of the world which has, at least, the savour of novelty. It presents the community masque as a substitute for war. Whenever a neighborhood, or county, feels the old craving for blood-letting and gas-bombing coming on, a town meeting is to be called and plans drawn up for the presentation of a masque entitled "Democracy" or "From Chrysalis to Butterfly." In this simple way, one and all will be kept out in the open air and will get to know each other better, thus relieving their bellicose cravings right there on the village green among themselves, without dragging a foreign nation into the mess at all. The slogan is "Fight Your Neighbors First. Why Go Abroad for War?"

THE community masque idea is all right in itself. There certainly can be no harm in dressing up to represent the Three Platoon System, or the Spirit of Machinery, and reciting free verse to the effect that:

"I am the Three Platoon System. Firemen I represent,

And the clash and clang of the Hook and Ladder Company."

No one could find fault with that, provided that those taking part in the thing do so of their own free will and understand what they are doing.

The trouble with the community masque is not so much with the masque as with the community. For while the masque may be a five star sporting extra hot from the presses of Percy Mackaye, the community is the same old community that has been getting together for inter-Sunday School track-meets and Wig and Footlight Club Amateur Theatricals for years and years, and the result has always been the same.

LET us say, for instance, that the community of Wimbleshurst begins to feel the lack of a good, rousing war to keep the Ladies' Guild and the men over thirty-five busy. What could be more natural than to call in Mr. Mackaye, and say: "What have you got in the way of a nice masque for a suburban district containing many socially possible people and others who might do very well in ensemble work?"

Something entitled "The March of Civilization" is selected, because it calls for Boy Scout uniforms and a Goddess of Liberty costume, all of which are on hand, together with lots of Red Cross regalia, left over from the war drives. The plot of the thing concerns the adventures of the young girl *Civilization* who leaves her home in the *Neolithic Period* accompanied only by her faithful old nurse *Language* and *Language's* little children the *Vowels* and the *Consonants*. She is followed all the way from the *Neolithic Age* to the *Present Time* by the evil spirit, *Indigestion*, but,

thanks to the helpful offices of the *Spirits of Capillary Attraction*, and *Indestructibility of Matter*, she overcomes all obstacles and reaches her goal, *The League of Nations*, at last.

But during the course of her wanderings, there have been all kinds of sub-plots which bring the element of suspense into the thing. For instance, it seems that this person *Indigestion* has found out something about *Civilization's* father which gives him the upper hand over the girl, and he, together with the two gunmen, *Heat* and *Humidity*, arrange all kinds of traps for the poor thing to fall into. But she takes counsel with the kind old lady, *Self-Determination of Peoples*, and is considerably helped by the low comedy character, *Obesity*, who always appears at just the right moment. So in the end, there is a big ensemble, involving Boy Scouts, representatives of those Allies who happen to be in good standing in that particular month, seven boys and girls personifying the twelve months of the year, Red Cross workers, the Mayor's Committee of Welcome, a selection of Major Prophets, children typifying the ten different ways of cooking an egg, and the all-pervading *Spirit of the Post-Office Department*, seated on a dais in the rear and watching over the assemblage with kindly eyes and an arm-full of bricks.

THIS, then, is in brief outline, "The March of Civilization" selected for presentation by the Community Council of Wimbleshurst. It is to be done on the edge of the woods which line the golf-course, and on paper, the thing lines up rather well.

Considerable hard feeling arises, however, over the choice of the children to play the parts of the *Vowels* and the *Consonants*. It is, of course, not possible to have all the vowels and consonants represented, as they would clutter up the stage and might prove unwieldy in the allegretto passages. A compromise is therefore effected by personifying only the more graceful ones, like *S* and the lower-case *f*, and this means that a certain discrimination must be used in selecting the actors. It also means that a great many little girls are going to be disappointed and their mothers' feelings outraged.

Little Alice Withstanley is chosen to play the part of the *Craft Guild Movement in Industry*, showing the rise of co-operation and unity among the working-classes. She is chosen because she has blonde hair which can be arranged in braids down her back, obviously essential to a proper representation of industrial team-work as a moving force in the world's progress. It so happens, however, that the daughter of the man who is cast for *Humidity* has had her eyes on this ingénue part ever since the printed text was circulated and had virtually been promised it by the Head of the House Committee of the Country Club, through whose kindness the grounds were to be used for the performance. There is a heated discussion over the merits of the two contestants between Mrs. Withstanley and the mother of the betrayed girl, which results in the withdrawal of the latter's offer to furnish Turkish rugs for the Oriental Decadence scene.

FOLLOWING this, the rougher element of the community—enlisted to take part in the scenes showing the building of the Pyramids and the first Battle of Bull Run—appear at one of the early rehearsals in a state of bolshevik upheaval, protesting against the unjust ruling which makes them attend all rehearsals and wait around on the side hill until their scenes are on, keeping them inactive sometimes from two to three hours, according to the finish with which the principals get through the prologue and opening scenes showing the Creation. The proletariat present an ultimatum, saying that the Committee in charge can either shorten their waiting hours or remove the restrictions on crap-shooting on the side-hill during their periods of inaction.

There is a meeting of the Director and his assistants who elect a delegation to confer with the striking legionaries, with the result that no compromise is reached, the soviet withdraws from the masque in a body, threatening to set fire to the grass on the first night of the performance.

During the rehearsals the husband of the woman who is portraying *Winter Wheat* is found wandering along the brookside with her sister cereal *Spring Wheat*, which, of course, makes further polite co-operation between these two staples impossible, and the Dance of the Food Stuffs has to be abandoned at the last moment. This adds to the general tension.

THREE nights before the first performance the Director calls everyone to a meeting in the trophy room of the Club-house and says that, so far as he is concerned, the show is off. He has given up his time to come out here, night after night, in an attempt to put on a masque that will be a credit to the community and a significant event in the world of art, and what has he found? Indifference, irresponsibility, lack of co-operation, non-attendance at rehearsals, and a spirit of *laissez-faire* in the face of which it is impossible to produce a successful masque. Consideration for his own reputation, as well as that of the township, makes it necessary for him to throw the whole thing over, here and now.

The Chairman of the Committee then gets up and cries a little, and says that he is sure that if everyone agrees to pull together during these last three days and to attend rehearsals faithfully and to try to get plenty of sleep, Mr. Parsleigh, the coach, will consent to help them through with the performance, and he asks everyone who is willing to co-operate to say "Aye." Everyone says "Aye" and Mr. Parsleigh is won over.

As for the masque itself, it is given, of course; and as most of the able-bodied people of the community are taking part, the audience is composed chiefly of the aged and the infirm, who catch muscular rheumatism from sitting out-of-doors and are greatly bored, except during those scenes when their relatives are taking part. The masque is hailed as a great success, however, in spite of the fact that the community has been disrupted and social life made impossible until the next generation grows up and agrees to let bygones be bygones.

But as a substitute for war, it has no equal.



KANTON DE MEYER

Yvonne Gall is at present in high favor in America. Besides her popularity in foreign operas she recently gave a series of concerts in New York at the conclusion of her season with the Chicago Opera Company, to which she will return next Fall

Marguerite Namara—Mrs. Guy Bolton—has appeared in New York with the Chicago Opera Company and in musical comedy, as well as in concert. She has lately embarked on a concert tour which took her down into the depths of Mexico

BRUGUIERE



GOLOBERG

Frieda Hempel, one of the most popular and reliable of the old guard at the Metropolitan Opera House, sang leading operatic rôles there all through the Winter, and since then has been touring the South, giving recitals in the leading Southern cities



MATZENE

Amelita Galli-Curci gave her last New York concert of the season at the Hippodrome, in May. She is now in the Catskills, resting, for the Summer



COUNT DE BTHLECK

Anna Case has the versatility with which so many opera stars are gifted. She sings at the Metropolitan and in concert, besides acting in the movies

Figures of Note in the Concert World

Stars Who Have Temporarily Deserted the Operatic Stage for the Concert Platform

Actors: *A Hate Song*, by DOROTHY PARKER

*I hate Actors;
They ruin my evenings.*

THERE are the Juveniles;
The Male Ingenues.
They always interpret the rôles of wealthy young sportsmen,
So that they can come running on in white flannels,
Carrying tennis racquets, and wearing spiked shoes.
Whenever the lights go up
They are discovered with their arms around some girl.
They wear their watches and handkerchiefs on their arms,
And they simply couldn't play a scene without their cigarette cases.
They think that the three Greatest Names in American History
Are Hart, Schaffner, and Marx.
They are constantly giving interviews to the Sunday papers
Complaining about the car-loads of mash notes they receive.
They know they have it in them to do something Really Big;
They relate how Belasco told them that they would go far—
I wish they were on their way!

THERE are the Movie Heroes;
The Boys Who Drove the Wild West Wild.
They are forever fading out into the sunset,
And if they can't pose for a close-up every few feet
They sue the company.
They wear their hair bobbed,
And always look as if they dressed by mail.
They were never known to lose a fight;
The whole troupe of supernumeraries hasn't a chance against them.
They are just bubbling over with animal spirits—
They are continually walking up the side of houses,
Or springing from one galloping horse to another,
Or leaping out of balloons, without parachutes.
And they love to be photographed balancing on one foot
On the extreme edge of the Grand Canyon,—
Oh, that I might get behind them, just once!

THEN there are the Tragedians;
The Ones Who Made Shakespeare famous.
They are always telling what they used to say to Booth.
And they talk about the old traditions
As if they had collaborated on them.
They make their positively last appearance, semi-annually,
And they are just about to go on farewell tour No. 118397,
Series H.
They never appear in any rôle
In which they have to wear long trousers.
If they stooped to play in any drama written after 1700,
They know that Art could never be the same.
They are forever striding around the stage in trick tempests,
Wearing aluminum armor, and waving property swords,
And shrieking at Heaven to do its worst,—
I wish Heaven would kindly oblige.

AND there are the Drawing-Room Stars;
The Ones That Swing a Mean Tea-Cup.
They always appear in those dramas
In which the Big Line is "No cream, please—lemon."
They interpret every emotion
By tapping the left thumb-nail with the cork-tipped cigarette.
They are invariably the best-dressed men on our stage,—
Their press-agent says so himself.
They are always standing in the center of the stage
Saying cutting things about marriage;
And they hang around in property moonlight,
Making middle-aged love.
They cherish secret ambitions
To take off their cutaways and play Hamlet;
They know they could be great
If the public would only give them their just due,—
If it only would!

*I hate Actors;
They ruin my evenings.*

The House of a Poet

The Villa of Gabriele d'Annunzio at Settignano

ON a spring afternoon some ten years ago we set out to visit the house of Gabriele d'Annunzio at Settignano, near Florence. The rumor went that Italy's greatest living man of letters was bankrupt. At any rate, the villa in which so much of his work had been done was thrown open to the curious public for a few days before the date on which the whole estate, including the valuable furniture and the art collection, was to be put up at auction.

All Florence flew to Settignano; countesses—friends, perhaps, of the poet—elbowed rich bourgeois; and, easily recognizable by their businesslike air and their notebooks, dealers hovered about the premises like so many birds of prey. The villa, a low gray building, covered with creepers and half hidden by shrubbery, faced toward Florence, which lay in the valley below. Near the house were the stables where (these, too, for sale) were kept d'Annunzio's forty dogs and the famous white horse upon which he roamed the Tuscan lanes.

While the crowd gradually melted away, it was pleasant to explore the garden, so green and still in the warm sunlight, and sending up a heady smell of lemon blossoms and the deep,

dusty tang of box. Presently, when the last limousine had honked its way down the high-walled road toward the Arno, one ventured into the deserted house. Immediately the sparkling afternoon was blotted out. The narrow entrance-hall was semi-dark; faintly, with the chill reminiscence of stone churches in its fragrance, a suggestion of incense hung in the air.

There were endless small rooms on the lower floor, literally crowded with what the catalogue of the sale correctly called "objects of art." Oak tables, Majolica vases, bronzes, ivories, bits of old silk, high-back Renaissance chairs, tapestries hidden behind wooden madonnas, early Umbrian crucifixions in bright greens and reds, and casts from the antique were heaped pell-mell. The villa seemed half a church, half a museum. The windows were diamond-paned, and made of an opaque glass which shut out the smiling spring and let in an unearthly glow. In the center of each case-ment showed the poet's device, worked in a colored medallion:—A laurel wreath with a scroll beneath, on which one made out the legend, "Per non dormire"—"So as not to sleep."

HERE, one felt, was a key to the man:—exhibiting as it did a consciousness of achievement, somewhat blatant and ridiculous to one's well-bred Anglo-Saxon mind, but a consciousness tempered by a sense of noblesse oblige, a yearning toward further accomplishment, which proved itself to be real, and found fine expression during the war. D'Annunzio's share in rallying Italy to the side of the Allies was no insignificant one, and in his daring flights over Austrian territory he has given substantial proof of the courage and devotion that breathed through his fiery speeches.

Like the other apartments, the poet's bedroom, which was also on the ground floor, displayed a bewildering medley of furnishings. A singular, circular "prie-Dieu" stood before the window; the walls were made up of odd panels carved in disparate designs which were almost indistinguishable in the half-light. At the bottom of the canopied bed, facing toward the pillow, stood a gigantic shape, grotesque and terrifyingly still. Its head almost touched the low ceiling. In the bronze face were set white eyeballs with inky pupils; one arm, crooked at the elbow, stretched forward in an unexplainable (Continued on page 87)



Something in the French *Incroyable* period for beach patrol-work. The lady is, of course, on the look-out for suffering aviators



Evidently (judging by the costume) a Persian Gulf fishing-girl. The net goes with the costume. In fact, it is the costume



The renovated Turkish Empire can still furnish a few suggestions for this sort of thing. Note, also, the elaborate Turkish towelling



But the best costume of them all, after all, is something native, characteristic, American!



Why not Egyptian deities—right on our bathing beaches—Newport, Southampton, Bar Harbor?

The "New Freedom" in Bathing Suits

Sketches by Helen Jameson

PROGRESS seems to have become fashionable everywhere except at the sea-shore. While we are acting the gallant mandatory to the Dobrudja and accepting Dalmatian problems as our own, there still exists the old provincialism in our manner of dressing for bathing, the old reluctance to break away from the designs of our native modistes and the taffeta creations of the local shops. Miss Jameson (our youngest contributor, by the way, being exactly sixteen) has

conceived and executed the above designs in the hope of bringing to our sea bathers a few new ideas to follow out during the coming summer. The designs are all built along foreign lines. Certainly something in this field of international relations would do more to give us a better understanding of our friends across the water than any number of covenants or League secretariats. What we need is the personal touch in foreign affairs and an interchange of ideas

What Shall We Do With Our Churches?

An After-Dinner Symposium Among Big Business Men

By STEPHEN LEACOCK



"Spugg, of course, is a big man, one of the biggest men in rubber, so they tell me, on the Continent. There were several other big men present

"NO," said my friend and host, Mr. Spugg, as he held one hand on the stem of his port wine glass, and kept his second after-dinner cigar in the fingers of the other, "no, sir, I never studied any Latin and I've never felt the need of it."

He looked round the table with a sort of pride. All the other men, except myself, grunted assent.

"And what's more," added Mr. Spugg, "I don't believe that it's any asset in business to-day."

There was a chorus of approval. Spugg, of course, is a big man, one of the biggest men in rubber,

so they tell me, on the Continent. There were other big men present at the dinner, too. There was a big spirit man, and a big fruit man, and a man at the end of the table that I had heard referred to as the Napoleon of frozen meat. In fact, there were, according to the conversation that I had been listening to, several Napoleons present—men who were spoken of as "regular Napoleons," "perfect Napoleons" and so on. I don't know just how their classes run, but those are the terms. There seemed to be some revolutionists present also; one man was pointed out to me as having revolutionized the dried apple business; another had revolutionized the sale of weather-proof paint, and a third was "working up a revolution" in eggs. In short, they were a typical group of what are now called "big" men—men who do "big" things. They were not "thinkers." They were men who don't need to think.

SO it was naturally most impressive to hear these men say that they had never studied Latin in their lives. If big men like these have no use for Latin, what earthly good is Latin anyway?

But what interested me most was to hear the "big men" talk of the side-lines that they carried on as an appendage to pulp, paper and scrap.

"How's that University of yours getting on, Spugg?" asked the big pulp man.

"Better," said Spugg, "we've got a business man at the head of it at last, and he's putting it on business lines. We expect that our next balance sheet will make a pretty good showing."

"That's good," said the other. Then they both fell silent to listen to the Napoleon of frozen meat who was talking, so I gathered presently, about the church that he "controlled."

"Yes," he said, "we had a fossilized minister tied up on a sort of loose verbal contract. I found, when I took over the church, that we were saddled with him. He was one of those old-fashioned clergymen. He believed in district visiting, mothers' meetings, evening prayers and all that sort of old stuff. I saw, at once, that he was a back number and that he

would do us harm. We owed, at the beginning of my management, \$110,000. Well, I had a very frank talk with him at my office: 'Dr. Wemple,' I said, 'We have got to advertise—advertise in the newspapers; advertise in a big, telling way.' But I could see, at once, that I left him cold. He said that he didn't believe in newspaper advertising. Think of it! He didn't believe in advertising of any sort! Well, I knew then that we—the church, I mean—were up against it. I saw that he had no pep, no punch. Sunday after Sunday it was the same thing—every sermon, you know, just so much straight theology. Well, you see, a congregation won't stand for theology to-day. They want something up-to-date. Two or three times I got hold of the old fellow and I said to him, 'Can't you take up something that will let the people get away a little further from religion?' But he couldn't. It wasn't in him."

"LOOK here," I said to him, "how about getting a little ginger into the music? What about letting out these tired looking old ladies who sing for you every Sunday? Why not get in a lot of young girls—you know what I mean, pretty ones. Girls with up-to-date designs in white robes—nice caps, nice hair, nice complexions. Why not get in a harp, or a piano, or a couple of violins?" But he couldn't see it; it was all over his head."

"Couldn't you retire him?" asked one of the listeners.

"Not so very easily. We had no written contract, you know, just the old-fashioned appointment by letter (it was forty years ago when they put him in) and all the original letter said was, 'as long as it shall please God to bless his ministration'—well, I mean to say, what can you do with him? Our lawyers admitted that they couldn't make sense of it."

"Then there was all the trouble about the churchyard," went on the big man, pausing to light a new cigar. "You remember the churchyard that there was all round our church with the willow trees and the grave-stones and the old slabs laid flat right in the grass?"

Several men nodded.

"Well, you know, that sort of thing is a pretty poor ad. for a church. The stones were old, half crumbling and there wasn't a willow tree in the lot in decent shape. Of course, we wanted to level it all out, clean out the old monuments, cut out the trees and turf it neatly, and put a good gravel motor drive in a crescent right through it. Well, the old fellow stood out against it, and without his consent, so our lawyers said, we ran a certain risk in removing the dead. There's some old state law it seems against 'breaking the repose of the dead.' It has no application, I understand, to an up-to-date cemetery. But it applied here. So we were stuck. Meantime the churchyard was doing us harm; a congregation don't want to drive their cars among graves and over grass. The broken stone will blow a tire as quick as anything."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Spugg.

"Oh, we got him out all right," the big man went on. "We managed to get him in a cor-

ner on the pension question and he let us have his resignation."

"And who have you got now?"

"We've got an A-1 man all right. He was with the Presbyterians (though I think he'd been an Anglican for a while before that) but we went straight after him, met him at his own figure and signed him."

"What are you giving him?" asked Spugg.

"Ten thousand," said the Napoleon, puffing at his cigar. "You can't get them for less, or not good ones. They simply won't come: they know what they're worth. There's an insurance company that would take our man at ten thousand to-morrow."

"He's pretty good, is he?" asked one of the men.

"Absolutely first class. He's the best publicity man I ever saw in a pulpit. You've seen that big sign he's put up, with great gilt letters—just where the old willow with the sun dial under it used to be. Every week there's the topic of the discourse in big lettering so that people can read it from their cars: and those are the people, mind you, that we're going after. Under the old fellow we had, I suppose, the poorest congregation in the city. A church can't get very far with them."

There was a general growl of agreement.

"AND every Sunday he has some new up-to-date subject, not theology you know, but something that will hold and interest the people. Last Sunday, for example, he preached on the Holy Land (he was there for the Standard Oil people six or seven years ago) and he showed it all so vividly (we've fixed him a moving-picture machine where the font used to be), with the borings that they're making for oil near Damascus, and the new derricks at the Sea of Galilee. It was wonderful."

"But that's a pretty big sum to pay him," one of the guests said. "I don't see how your funds can meet that."

"Just the other way," said the big man, "we make on it. With a live man like that you get it all back. Last Sabbath day our offertory alone broken even with the week's expenses: that will show you the class of people that we're attracting."

"That's certainly pretty good," assented several of the men.

"YES, and more than that. Take the overhead. Now, in the old-fashioned church the Overhead was everything. Light and power alone were among the biggest items that they thought about. Well, we've changed all that. You can't exactly cut out the Overhead altogether in running a church, but you can reduce it to a point where it doesn't matter. And what we find is that with plenty of current receipts from social entertainments—concerts and lotteries and dances and so on—we don't have to worry about the question of light and power at all. In fact, we never think of it."

The speaker paused. And the host took occasion of the pause to start the port wine moving round and to beckon to the butler for more cigars. Whereupon the general talk broke out again and the purely spiritual tone of the conversation was lost.



Olga Petrova;—Our Dazzling Pole Star
Has Recently Inaugurated a Successful Season in Vaudeville

STRECH

My Two Years in the Movies

Progress of a Star From Biograph to Biography

By ELSIE FERGUSON

THERE is something very strange about me. The more I read the Sunday supplements, the more I am convinced of it. I seem to be the only living moving actress who, as a child, did not dream of becoming a movie star. In every interview with every famous film actress, it is always brought out that her one dream, her great hope, her childhood's ambition was to become a moving picture star. She never thought of anything else; every act was directed towards that glorious end. And, finally, by tremendous perseverance, she got her wish and became an idol of the film lovers.

Now, curiously enough, I was never like that. I never dreamed of becoming a motion picture actress. I can't even remember having had visions of motion pictures before they were invented, as was the case with so many other actresses. But then, you see, I was never at all precocious. I never, even as a child of four—while wearing a white dress and a string of amber beads—foresaw what a great career the moving picture screen would offer to actresses in the spoken drama.

At the time when moving pictures were first being introduced to the public I never took them at all seriously. I was only interested in the spoken drama.

I REMEMBER distinctly the first picture play I ever saw. It must have been about eight years ago. I was on tour, that season, in "Primrose," and we had settled down in Chicago for a long run. One of the young women in the company suggested that I accompany her to a moving picture theatre one afternoon, just for a lark. I remember that the price of admission in those happy days was five cents! The feature film was one of those Wild West dramas that used up many yards of celluloid in portraying frantic chases over such Wild Western mountains as those in the neighborhood of Fort Lee, New Jersey, and ended with a thrilling capture of the villain by the handsome hero in the low cut shirt. It was, I remember, one of the old Biograph films. The heroine, a typical cow-boy girl of the old school, wore a wig, and during the most exciting scene her curls became loosened and threatened to fall off her head at any moment.

The producers had not learned, then, to cut the film. Everything that was photographed, whether it was good or not, was used in the finished picture. They produced only one-reel dramas, in those days, and I have been told that a whole photoplay was sometimes made in a day! But that, of course, was before we had large producing companies.

My young companion on this my first adventure in a movie theatre was greatly excited over the performance, and declared that she was going to leave the legitimate drama and devote all her efforts to becoming a motion picture actress. I laughed at the idea, then, and told her that I should never consider movies seriously! Naturally, she left the stage, married and had five beautiful children. That was one bright dream that went astray—while I, on the other hand, now take the motion picture industry very seriously indeed and act in movies with the greatest interest and delight. And I once considered them a huge joke!



ELSIE FERGUSON, AGED FOUR

"I never, even as a child of four (while wearing a white piqué dress and a string of amber beads), foresaw what a great career the movies would offer to actresses in the spoken drama"

MY first experience before the motion picture camera was more terrible than anything I have ever known. Never, even on an opening night of a new play, have I been so frightened. I actually wept from fright, while they turned the crank of the camera. Yes, I wept then, and, ever since that fatal day, it seems that I have been asked to weep before the camera on the slightest provocation—sometimes on no provocation at all.

The name of my first picture was "Barbary Sheep." Robert Hichens, the author of the novel, must surely remember it as vividly as I do. The story was filmed in 1917, in the Fort Lee studios of the Famous Players, though the scenery and the atmosphere were most convincingly Oriental. Maurice Tourneur was the director. Even now, I shudder when I recall the shock that I received when he instructed me to dress for bed and appear in my nightgown! Can you imagine an actress making her debut in a nightgown? I dressed for the part—if you can call it dressing—and came down to the studio wrapped in my fur coat. When the lights were ready and the camera in place, I crawled between the ghastly yellow sheets on the bed—yellow is used instead of white in motion picture photography. There, as I was instructed, I registered drowsiness. Everything was going quite smoothly, until I suddenly saw a strange man, clad in pajamas, deliberately entering my room. I sat bolt upright and shrieked.

However, the director assured me that, though somewhat informal, the stranger's entrance was quite correct—as it was written in the 'script. The man, Lumsden Hare, was playing the part of my husband, who was going to gaze at me while I slept.

IT would save a moving picture actress a great deal of nervous strain, if she were only told ahead of time what was going to happen in each scene.

Many ridiculous situations occur, in all movies, while the scenes are being made. For instance, during the making of "Barbary Sheep," I was, in one scene, standing on a

balcony. Because I was a novice, someone had thoughtfully painted the word "here," on the floor, to show me exactly where I should stand. It seemed particularly strange to me, because, on the dramatic stage, it does not in the least matter whether an actor stands on any special spot during a scene. In motion pictures, however, everything is gauged from the camera's point of view. Of course, I have now grown used to the narrow floor space allowed me, and can instinctively feel the allotted amount of room that the camera gives me.

WHEN I was standing on my balcony, the director shouted, through a megaphone, from below, "You are gazing off into the desert; you are drinking in a wonderful mirage, with a thrill of ecstasy." I was really gazing into another set from my high point of vantage. A murder scene was being filmed there and a sheriff was breaking down a door to save a girl in duress vile, when I received my signal to gaze out into the heart of the Sahara. I assumed a languid expression, such as one uses on these occasions, and, midst shot and shell I stuck to my post—or rather balcony—and drank in the beauty of the desert mirage. Somewhere, over my head, a fan was turned on, upon which I immediately knew that I was being chilled by the cool night breezes of the desert. I drew my scarf about my shoulders.

The director was much pleased with the effect, and another scene was staged from the balcony. I was told to look down and behold my lover below. I think I must have registered surprise rather than joy when I did look down—right at an enormous paint barrel, in the place where Lumsden Hare, as my lover, was supposed to be standing. Never did Juliet speak to her Romeo more passionately than I did to that paint barrel. I even threw it a rose, which landed nicely in the middle of it.

Two days later, a scene was taken of my supposed lover standing in the exact spot where the barrel had stood. He gazed up rapturously at the empty balcony from which I had so languorously leaned two days before.

I HAVE learned many things in the movies that will be of great benefit to me, if I ever decide to lead a rural life. For instance, I have learned how to peel potatoes and to fry fish. I even know how to weed the garden and raise potatoes, if necessary, and as for fishing—well, I've been so successful at that sport, that even a Santa Catalina fisherman would die of envy if he could see the remarkable specimens of fish which I have taken from artificial lakes in the studio on 57th Street. In "Heart of the Wilds," I learned how to clean lamp chimneys and scrub floors. In "A Doll's House," I was instructed in the duties of child rearing. I have rocked many stage children to sleep, and tucked them into studio cradles. In "Under the Greenwood Tree," I had rather a perilous experience while swimming. The water in the studio tank—in which I had to disport myself—was as cold as ice, and I was unconscious when they finally rescued me.

And as for committing murders—well, I think I am a past (Continued on page 85)

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



DAVIS AND SANFORD

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Because she has ever been a beneficent influence on the American stage; because she is the wife of Hartley Manners, a gifted and successful playwright; because she has refused to go into the movies; because she has written an excellent book; because she gave us some notable performances of Shakespeare; but chiefly because, with fine fervor, she headed the greatest theatrical benefit tour of the war



WHITE

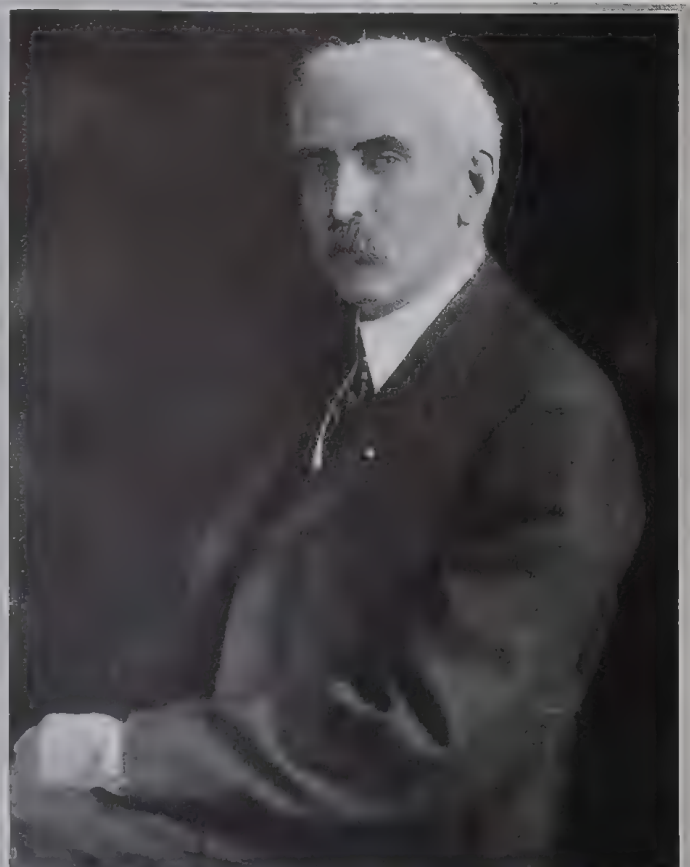
GEORGE M. COHAN

Because, though only forty years of age, he is to-day one of the supermen of our stage; because he wrote the best of all the American war songs; because he knew that the American flag was all right long before the public at large became aware of it; because he is a distinguished actor, manager, composer and playwright; but chiefly because he does not produce, or act in, anything but clean, wholesome plays



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Because he has always cared more for form and beauty in art than for unregulated power; because he is the best French scholar in Italy; because he is one of the noblest of living poets; because during the war he was the heart and soul of Italy's superb effort in the air, and risked flights and bombing adventures that staggered regular aviators in the Italian service; but chiefly because he has demonstrated—along with Ignace Paderewsky—that an artist frequently possesses the qualities that go to make up a stimulating, wise and efficient leader of a nation



BACHRACH

DR. JOSEPH A. BLAKE

Because he was for years a commanding figure in American surgery and head of several of the most famous hospitals in the country; because he is as modest as he is able; because he wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; because his career in the great war was second to that of no other living doctor; because at Neuilly, at Paris, and at Rls Orangis he made America a synonym for science, kindness, charity, and skill; and, finally, because he has at last returned to America to resume his studies and expositions, in the higher surgery

Confessions of a Jail-Breaker

And a Few Asides on Handcuffs and Strait-jackets

By HARRY HOUDINI

WITHOUT having recourse to any of these new fashioned lessons, I am able to tell (while balancing an oil-lamp in one hand and a bank-account in the other) the exact date of the birth of Caracalla, the Roman Emperor, as well as the day of the month, in 1593, when the dissenting clergymen were hanged in Scotland. It was on the 6th of April in both cases.

"Marvelous!" you would exclaim. "Is there no limit to what this man can do?"

But I will disclose the secret of this trick (a thing I very rarely do). The 6th of April happens also to be my own birthday. It is therefore no effort to fix this date in my mind, and to tie up Caracalla and the dissenting Scotch clergymen with this chief event in my life (which occurred, by the way, in 1874). The United States Government recognized the significance of this date, in 1917, by waiting until it had arrived before declaring war on Germany.

Although I had had regular and established domiciles in Sydney and Melbourne, London, Berlin, Paris, Copenhagen, and Dublin, with front door keys and servant problems in each city, I was born in Appleton, Wisconsin. It was from Appleton that I made my first escape.

It was in Appleton, also, that I made my first public appearance. With the unassuming title of Eric, Prince of the Air, I made my debut as a contortionist and trapeze performer in Jack Hoefler's Five Cent Circus—next to the railroad-tracks. My contract called for thirty-five cents a week spending money, in addition to bed and board. That thirty-five cents was practically velvet.

My training as a contortionist was, of course, the first step toward my present occupation of escaping from strait-jackets and chains, for it is chiefly through my ability to twist my body and dislocate my joints, together with abnormal expansion and contraction powers, which renders me independent of the tightest bonds. Thus, to any young man who has in mind a career similar to mine, I would say: "First try bending over backward and picking up a pin with your teeth from the floor, and work up from that into the more difficult exercises."

That was my first stunt.

I LEFT Appleton to go on tour through the country, arriving in New York in 1887. There was no Mayor's Committee of Welcome to meet me, but I managed to pull through, and, in 1895, I joined the Welsh Brothers' Circus. Here my salary, over my bed and board, was \$200 a year, but I would like to make note of the fact that the meals which were furnished to us by this circus were the best I have ever eaten on either of my favorite continents.

I could easily draw an incredulous crowd on a street corner to-day by recounting the various items in our circus menus, and draw tears to the eyes of the present generation of restaurant habitués by describing the quality of the food and cooking. It all seems like a dream to me now.

Then came Martin Beck, who introduced me to the Orpheum Circuit, booking me later with Mr. E. F. Albee, which was the beginning of



There should be a clause in the Peace Treaty limiting the submarine activities of Harry Houdini. No chains are strong enough to do it, for his underwater record is 4 min. 6 sec., in which time he can throw off a set of chains like those in the picture as easily as he would wiggle out of a beach bath robe

the Big Push. Under this management Mrs. Houdini and I opened at Keith's in New York on December 31, 1900. Since then I have always managed to scrape a living together in one way or another. In doing so, I have escaped from drowning on over 2,000 occasions. I have extricated myself from approximately 12,500 strait jackets, and picked, roughly, 8,300 locks.

I would not be giving Nature her due if I did not acknowledge right here that, in addition to my natural malleability of framework, I am a born lock-picker. This is a gift. It usually lands its beneficiary in jail, but I have domesticated and refined it until it has landed me before applauding monarchs and paying audiences. It all depends on whose lock you pick.

IT was on my first European tour, in 1901, that I became an advocate of war with at least a part of Germany. I believe that I therefore can claim precedence over Mr. James M. Beck in this respect. This is the way I was made to see the light:

I was performing in Hanover, and gave a private performance before Count von Schwerin. He was determined to prevent my escaping from the strait jacket which he and his court had selected, and commanded his henchmen to adjust it in such a manner that it was a constant source of physical torture to me every minute that I was in it. So great was the pain that I was unable to work with any degree of speed and it was 90 minutes before I finally freed myself.

I then took occasion to tell the Count that I would never forget his little joke. I am not an advocate of Bolshevism, but I would be in favor of giving the Hanover soviet *carte blanche* on the estate of the Count von Schwerin.

A much more pleasant performance was one

which I had the honor of giving before Colonel Roosevelt. On this occasion I was able to mystify him with what, on the face of it, was a most uncanny trick, but which was really nothing more or less than a case of practical forehandedness on my part.

I was about to sail from London for America, and learned at the ticket office that Colonel Roosevelt was to be a fellow-passenger, although no public announcement had been made of the fact. Figuring things out in advance, I foresaw the customary request from an entertainment committee of passengers for a performance from me on board ship, and I also realized that Colonel Roosevelt would be the dominating presence in the audience. I therefore resolved to work up something which would involve some recent activity of his.

It so happened that he was returning at that time from his trip of exploration in South America with the announcement of the discovery of the River of Doubt. He had given—privately—a map of his explorations to a famous London newspaper and it was to be published three days after the steamer had sailed. No one, with the exception of Colonel Roosevelt and one or two others, knew the details of the map. I, therefore, determined to get a copy.

I will not tell you how I managed to secure this copy, but I can say that it is always easy to get people to assist one in a trick. They feel that they are being let in "on the ground floor," and will practice all kinds of deceptions to which they are unaccustomed by nature, simply for the sake of being one of the few in a large crowd who are "in" on the thing. It is a human failing which I have seldom been unable to make use of. If I were to give a list of my accomplices and their part in some of my tricks, some of my glory would be transferred to many worthy citizens in all walks of life whose only connection with magic has been when they were connected, "sub rosa," with some nefarious little scheme of mine. So it was that I got a copy of Colonel Roosevelt's map.

On the second day after leaving Liverpool I was asked to give a séance and to answer questions. My expectations in this matter were fulfilled to the letter when the Colonel himself asked me if I would make my "spirit medium" trace, on a sheet of paper, the path of his recent explorations. I took the name of William Stead, who had shortly before been lost on the Titanic, as my supposed "control" from the spirit world, and, on a slate reproduced the exact map of Mr. Roosevelt's travels. He was astounded and rushed up to me afterward, saying that it was the most amazing thing he had ever seen.

THE art of making people look somewhere else when they think they are watching you, is one of the chief requirements for a successful magician. In this, the trained usher or attendant is invaluable. By a clumsy action on the part of an usher at the left, the attention of the audience can be distracted from the performer at the right for a second or two, or sufficient time to give the latter an opportunity to perform the necessary sly work to make the trick successful. Even without an accomplice, the magician himself (Continued on page 83)



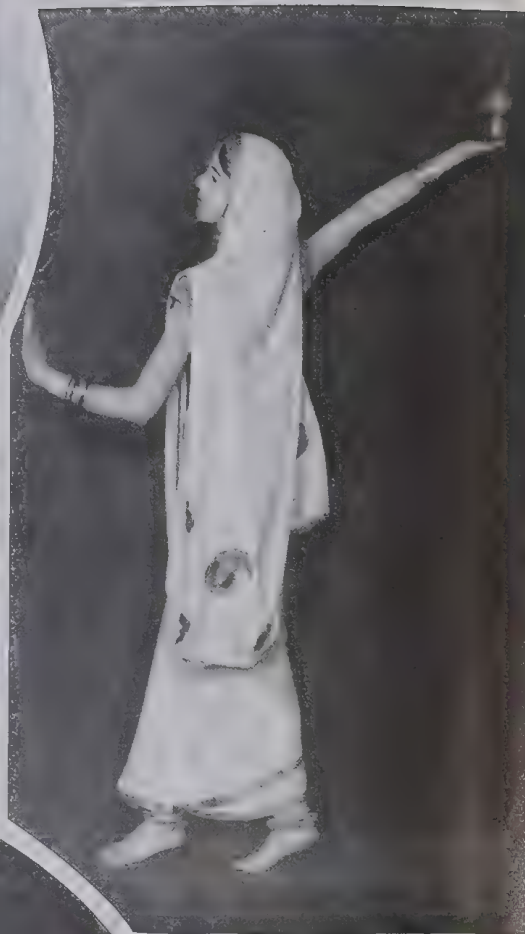
BARON DE MEYER

Gertrude Hoffman has enjoyed an extraordinarily successful season in vaudeville. She is, we venture to say, in costuming, lighting, arrangement of her programs, and dancing an artist who stands alone



GOLOBERG

Desiré Lubowska has, we must admit, been a favorite dancer of ours ever since she gave her nightly "Vanity Fair" dances in the grill of the Hotel Knickerbocker. Her dancing, at the Hippodrome, during the past few months has naturally made her a host of new friends



BRUGUIERE

Roshanara has made Indian dancing popular in New York. Lately she has added a Ceylonese number to her programs and, only the other day, we saw her in a *suite* of French dances: period of Louis XIV



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Quite the most remarkable Russian dancers who have come to New York during the year are the famous Pavley company which, in a series of notable pantomimic ballets, has been appearing here with the Chicago Opera Company

New York—the World's Dancing Mecca

The City Is Still Loyal to Its Favorite Dancers—Whether Oriental or Russian

Gulliver's Travels in New York

An Account of the Explorer's Visit to Rufegardenia

Edited by FRANK WRIGHT TUTTLE

I REACHED New York without incident, and was conveyed to the land of the Follies, a race of lovely girls who rule men, as the Amazons did, but with a far subtler power than the rule of might. From that happy bourne, I journeyed up to the land of Rufegardenia, which is a small province in the larger country of Cabarabia, the principal cities of which are Midnight-Frolicia and Centurygrovia.

Like certain fur-bearing mammals, the Rufegardenians disappear during the cold winter months, and can only be said to live comfortably when the thermometer is above eighty.

Even during the summer, they are scarcely in evidence in the daytime—for, although the heat seems necessary to their existence, the direct rays of the sun render them incapable of anything more active than business.

At night, however, they congregate in vast hordes on the tops of houses where is their natural habitat. The Rufegardenians are not unlike men in appearance. The outer covering, or skin, of the males is called, in their tongue, "Pahmbeechsoot." It is almost white in the purest breeds, although many fine specimens can be found that are buff and cream-colored, and there are even a few of darker and more variegated hues. The snout or face of the male is universally crimson, and in the more robust specimens attains a shade of rare and lurid beauty.

The female is an exceedingly curious creature. Despite the intense heat, she frequently does not shed her winter fur, which grows in great abundance around her neck in the manner of an Elizabethan ruff. Her ears are invisible, being covered with a hairy mat which grows close to the head until it reaches the tips of the ear where it fluffs out wildly, doubtless as a protection from the extraordinary sounds that are shouted by her male companions.

A CURIOUS feature in the lives of these creatures was explained to me by my guide. With only a few exceptions, the male and female Rufegardenians are not mated—to each other. For the most part the females and offspring are turned loose to forage in farmlands during the warm season, and are visited by the males only at infrequent intervals. I have seen exiled male Rufegardenians, who had been forced to live in another land called Suburbia, return to the country of their birth after a long absence. As they light gracefully on the roofs, they utter a strange and plaintive cry in a minor key, which as nearly as it can be represented in English characters, sounds like, "Obe oi, Obe oi!"

As fish cannot live without water, as man cannot live without gin, so the people of Rufegardenia cannot exist without noise. Their food will not digest properly unless bedlam assails their ears. They cannot be entertained unless they

are thundered at. They cannot even make love, unless some tireless and perspiring hireling is howling strange sounds, or a company of his companions are blasting the ether with the terrifying vibrations of their brazen and barbaric music.

When I made my appearance on one of their house-tops, dressed in my simple costume which is so well known to children the world over, one of the creatures turned and saw me. I prepared to defend myself, but the Rufegardenian merely moved closer to his companion and shouted what I shall represent phonetically as, "Heezadvatizingsuthin!" As no one else seemed to notice me, I sat down. The air on the house-top was much warmer than on the street whence we had ascended in a small movable room called an "Elevator".

Apparently the Rufegardenians crave most ardently the warmth or "hotstuff" as they term it, for they smoke incessantly, and, in order to prevent the warm vapor from escaping, fans blow it back into their faces.

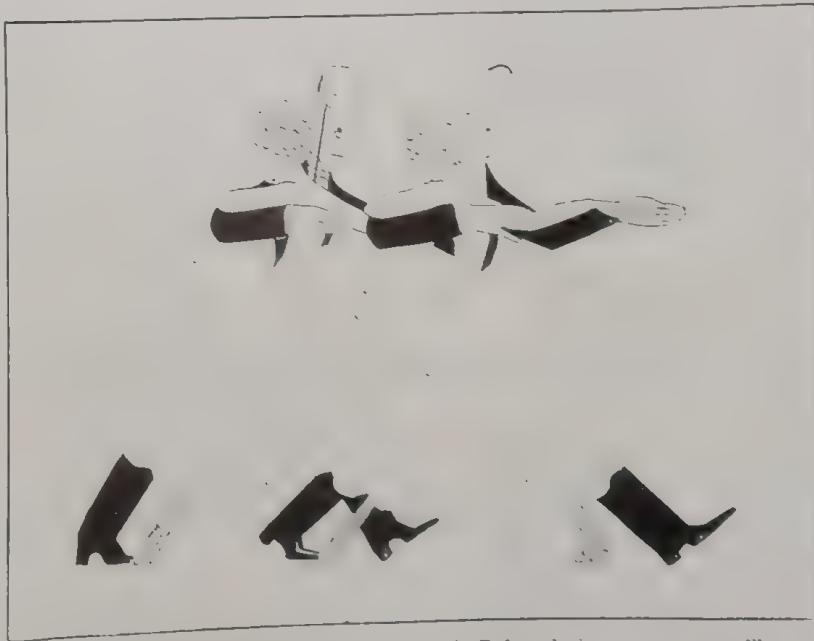
AT one end of the house-top, a platform or stage had been erected. At the base of this stage were musicians who continued to produce the strange music which I have already mentioned. In connection with this uproar, various performers appeared for our entertainment, although the Rufegardenians seemed quite oblivious to their noisiest efforts, for they ate and drank without paying the slightest attention to them. I must confess that I was not entirely out of sympathy with this attitude, for the entertainment was the strangest I have ever witnessed.

A series of dancers and barbaric musicians followed each other rapidly—whirling madly upon the stage and leaping madly off it again in a few seconds until my head was spinning. As each performer finished, the Rufegardenians, who had as usual paid no heed to their efforts, nevertheless burst into prolonged applause, and the performers leaped about the stage more rapidly than ever.

By the time an hour or two of the performance had passed and my head was splitting with the smoke and all the strange noises, there was a sudden flurry on the stage, and eight girl creatures, beautiful beyond the dreams of the poets, dashed upon the platform.

Like the men-things who had begun the entertainment, these angelic creatures were also identical in movement, voice and gesture. They were clothed for the most part in bits of string to which were attached parti-colored balloons. When I mentioned to my neighbor that they were parti-colored, he laughed uproariously and shouted in my ear, "You said it!" I admitted that it was indeed I and none other who had made the remark, but could get no further response beyond another laugh. I turned to my angels. They were singing. It was not entirely beautiful. But let us not speak of that. They were sufficient unto the night that had begotten them. For a moment they swayed and pirouetted, then—oh, wonderful—they dashed from the platform and came among us. Their leader neared my table. My guide was smoking—not as in our country, from a pipe—but with his tobacco wrapped in a white paper—a cigarette he called it. Imagine my horror when, as the vision approached, I saw my guide touch this burning thing to her balloon. I sprang to my feet to warn her. It was too late. There was a frightful explosion. With a cry, the entire choir of angels rushed for us. I leaped over the table and fled. A door appeared before me. I rushed on and closed it behind me. One of the angels was shouting at me. I looked about the room for another egress. There was none. At one side of the room, which was quite small, a rope ran from the ceiling to the floor. Aha, I thought, a bell cord. I pulled it. Nothing happened. Then I noticed that it ran through a hole in the floor. Apparently in this mad land, everything was topsy-turvy. To ring for help, I must pull up. I did so. Horrible! The room began to drop rapidly downwards. I was in what was called the elevator. In another moment I reached the

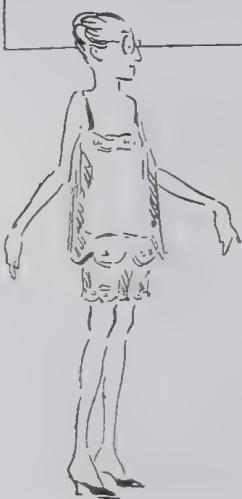
depths and sprang to my feet, stunned, but unhurt, and rushed into the semi-darkness of the underground passage beyond. A ray of light caught my eye. A door! I groped my way toward it and flung it open. I was in a grand ball-room, brilliantly lighted—with tables—and at the other end, a stage! Suddenly I saw eight beautiful angels dressed in bits of string and balloons—Great Heavens! Impossible! No, it was they—or their sisters, or women like unto them. I fell fainting into the arms of the leader of them as she rushed toward me. Then I was told that while I was still in the land of Cabarabia, I was in a small province of it known as Rathskellerania. "Merciful Heavens!" I cried, "do they keep them even in the cellars?"



"With only a few exceptions the male and female Rufegardenians are not mated"



The elder Miss Bagg has always felt that her, shall we say, underwear, was not a sufficiently *dernier cri* for one who was mentally so abreast of the times. So she took the word of the model in a Fifth Avenue shop, with the result which one may see by glancing quickly to the extreme left, and then glancing quickly away again



The Scotch costume, when worn by Miss Mary Mackeown, who goes home every night to West New York, was not only appropriate but down-right fetching. When adopted by Miss Reba Friedfeld of Central Park West, however, it makes one wonder if all this visionary talk about self-determination of peoples isn't a mistake after all



Simply because the young lady in the Cloak and Suit Department looked well in this wrap was no reason for Mrs. Watley's thinking that she herself could avoid the appearance of a jolly Dominican friar in it. True, the hat adds a saving touch of the *plaza de toros*, but the general effect is disappointing and might have been foreseen



Bathing suits, perhaps more than any other item of apparel, are dependent on outside, or inside factors, for their success. A bathing suit, plus Dora Delightly, is something worth calling an extra session of Congress for. The same suit on Mrs. Trepans (of the Magnolia Trepans) leaves something to be desired as a work of art



You Never Can Tell 'Till You Try On

Sketches by Ethel Plummer

NOTHING is more deceptive than the appearance of clothes on a mannikin. Most of us, if we had the thing to do over, would change the architect's drawing of our *tout ensemble* in some essential detail. We long to look like somebody else. We see a hat in the window, or a gown in a shop, and we think "as that would look well on Elsie Ferguson, I guess it would

look well on me." Many a matron has pictured herself wearing a gown with the air of distinction generated by the sprightly young thing in the store, and found out, only too late, that although clothes may not make a man, a mannikin very often makes the clothes, and that it is a safe rule not only to look, but to try on, before you leap. Miss Plummer here illustrates it.

DRESSING ON A LIMITED INCOME

Note.—Vogue conducts this department to meet the needs of the woman with a limited income. If any special problem confronts you, write to Vogue, 19 West 44th Street, enclose a three-cent stamp, and it will answer without charge any individual question on dress, will suggest ways of altering frocks, assist in planning a wardrobe, and suggest patterns. Vogue will cut a pattern of any costume shown in this department at the special rate of \$3 in size 36; other sizes, with pinned patterns, \$5.

THERE is no better time to replenish the country wardrobe than the present. The season is well advanced, and at this late date one is sure to know one's actual needs for the sort of occasions afforded by the country place where one has chosen to spend the summer.

There are numberless bargains to be picked up in the shops. Separate skirts and coats, one-piece dresses, sports hats, and the season's smartest models are offered at greatly reduced prices. If it is the good fortune of the woman dressing on a limited income to live within shopping distance of New York or another large city, there is an excellent opportunity in these sales to acquire a complete stock of sports clothes of the most distinguished character and for very reasonable prices.

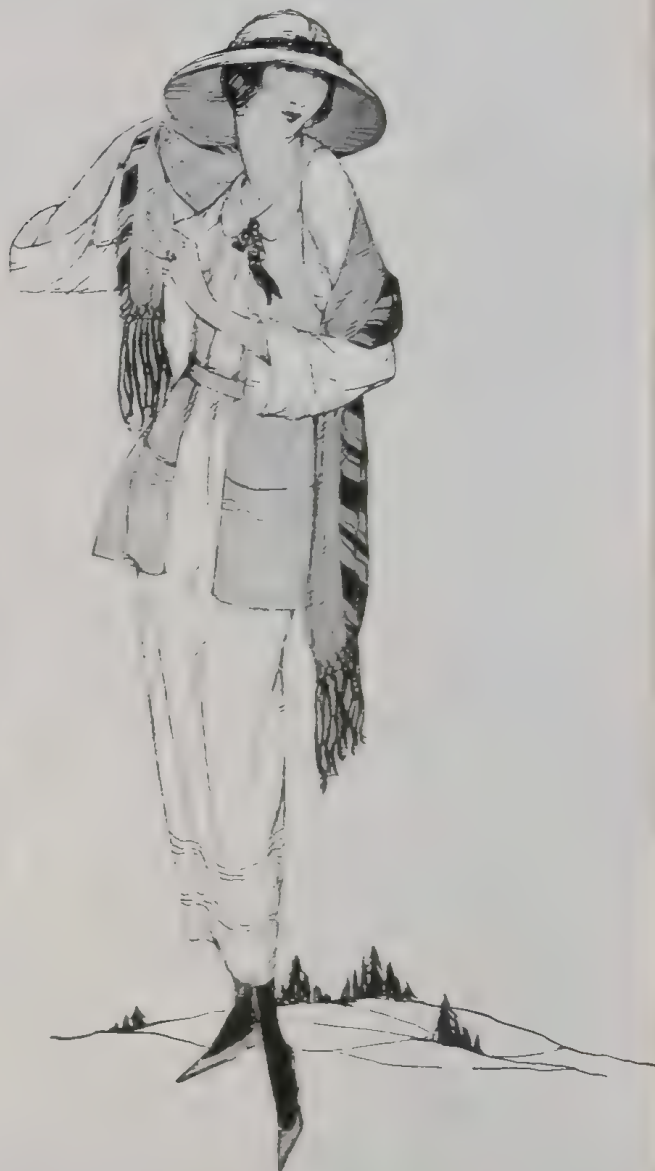
Grouped on this page are suggestions for country fashions that may guide the midsummer shopper. The three costumes sketched here are all useful and attractive and are in combinations that are new and extremely smart.

From a small and exclusive dressmaker just off Fifth Avenue, come the cape and checked skirt sketched at the lower left; these have been especially designed for motoring. The cape has a graceful jacket front and is of navy blue gabar-

dine lined with silk to match or in colour. The jacket part is made like a waistcoat, fitted ever so slightly at the waist-line and over the hips. A long shawl collar of the material runs to the fastening point. Two large white pearl buttons are used to close it at the waist. The cape hangs in rippling circular lines, longer at either side than at the back. Black and white checked material is used for the skirt. Cut in two pieces, the slight fullness is shirred in under a straight belt of checked material. The design is an unusual one and is as pretty as it is striking.

At the left in the same sketch is shown a smart grey tweed coat for country wear. It is worn with a woollen skirt diagonally checked in grey. The simplicity of the design and the subdued tones used accent the charm and the distinction of this costume. The jacket with narrow rolled collar has double pockets above and below the belt, while the straight belt of the material or possibly shirring it in at either side.

Very little has been said of the sleeveless jacket this season, but it is a charming fashion when carefully thought out in connection with a particular dress or costume. In the sketch at the upper right, a sleeveless jacket in burnt orange



An effective sports program is obtained only if the student is given the opportunity to choose his own sport and to participate in it. The student must be given the opportunity to choose his own sport and to participate in it.

velvet is shown with a simple dress of white linen. The effect is most attractive and smart. This jacket has a perfectly plain back, but each side of the front is finished with a deep band of the velvet that turns back from the bottom to form side pockets. The pockets are marked with rows of stitching in colour to match the velvet. A narrow belt marks the waist and is also of the velvet. The neck has neither collar nor stitching, thus leaving the collar of the dress to make a dainty finish. The dress of white linen is very simple, trimmed only with groups of stitching at the bottom. There are full three-quarters sleeves and a narrow turn-over collar to finish the neck. A narrow black ribbon tie adds a bit of chic emphasis. The angora scarf is one of the newest fashions for country wear and may be had in a wide variety of colours and colour combinations. This one is shown in tan angora marked with dark brown stripes, and the deep fringe is formed of the same two colours.

Like a sunset and a sea in the country is an unusual dress. It is quiet colour. The coat is of light and is simple, simply tailored. The skirt is of a shade of grey. The cape and skirt are light are designed to contrast with the skirt. The cape is dark blue, gathered along in the middle and is a striking contrast with the skirt.



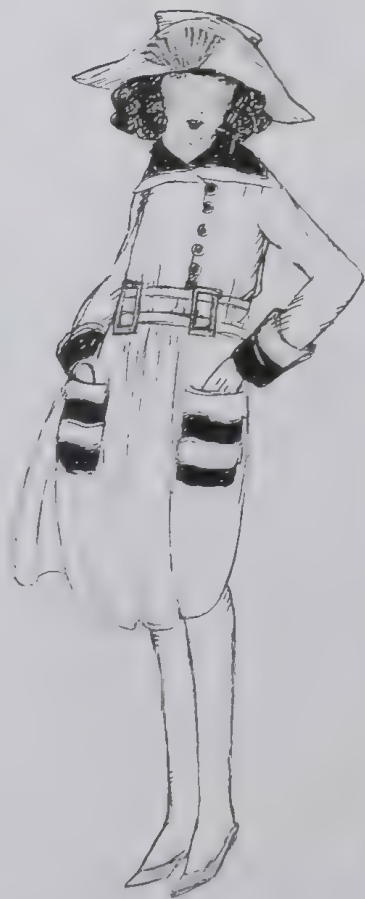
THE YOUNGER GENERATION

The very best recipe for making a little girl in summer is to mix a little blowing hair, a sunny hour, and a play-with-me track of lace made on pictures for smock-like lines. Collar, cuffs, and pipings are all of navy blue silk, and two narrow patent leather belts run in and out around the dress before fastening in front.



This pensive downward gaze travels over a vestee of tan rajah silk tucked in the smart front of a blue serge dress which is just the right companion to take to school. The vestee is removable and is finished with a narrow turn-down collar. Underneath the short box-coat hangs a bit of a skirt with two pockets for pennies.

MODELS FROM MISS STICKNEY



Two saucy eyes, two big pockets, and two bone buckles—these are the decorative details worn with a coat in French blue broadcloth trimmed with navy blue velvet and fastened with bone buttons.



Cream coloured challis, figured in yellow and bound in plain yellow, makes just the right sort of wee skirt, collar, and cuffs to companion a pert jacket of tobacco brown velvet on a jaunt with a hoop.



Suitable for the small person older than twelve, but not as old as fourteen, is this coat of cocoa coloured velours. With the straight coat, there is a cape shaped like an Eton jacket and a snug collar.



One must have a suit, and here is one in jade green velours with a straight Russian blouse coat which slips on over the head and a little skirt which is part of a one-piece dress that is belted at the waist.



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TAVERNS by the SIDE of MOTOR ROADS

(Continued from page 49)

miles at dusk and at last, in the rustling scented silence of a country night, the winking lights of an Inn!

Really, Romance owes a debt to the motor. What would this century do without its latest touring-cars? No more the beat of hoofs on the moonlit road, it's true, but the evener beat of the engine means seventy miles instead of seven between office and dinner on the North Shore. It's the inn we need most sorely. Inns with personality, atmosphere, charm; inns with names of colour; inns that refresh the spirit as well as the flesh.

THE OLD ROMANTIC SIGN-POSTS

One looks back with a distinct regret to the days of Addison when the F. P. A. of his day received "contributions" from zealous individuals eager to clear London of "sign-post monsters, streets filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions, not to mention flying pigs and hogs in armour." How much more interesting—if not how much more appropriate—some of the old names were. We confess to a complete lack of sympathy with the Spectator's contributor when he complained: "I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined in the same sign: such as the Bell and the Neat's Tongue, the Dog and the Grid-iron. The Fox and the Goose may be supposed to have met, but what have the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and the Dolphin ever meet?" Only on a sign-board, no doubt, but what a tavern one visualizes beneath them.

Not that quaint names have entirely gone out, or that there are no more inns of character. There's the "White Turkey," near Danbury, Connecticut,—surely an appetizing title and a romantic juxtaposition of names. The little white New England farmhouse has an air, too, a very definite delightful appeal of its own. And one visualizes a dozen "Red Lion" Inns from Philadelphia to Bar Harbor. (Too many—there should be fewer lions and more porpoises. Where are the peacocks, the golden pheasants, the green parrots?) The little taverns are to be found, if one will only hunt for them. Just around some corner may lurk an unexpected house with hospitable door and seventeenth-century charm.

THE PHILADELPHIA REGION

The Philadelphia district has a number of them. One's mind returns instinctively to "Valley Green," a gem of a place—a green sparkling emerald that lingers in the memory. Just a small house, unpretentious, set by the road in a ravine that is really a part of the public park system of Philadelphia; yet quite unknown to the greater public and all the more alluring to the few that find it. A setting as gorgeously exotic as a canvas by Boucher or Gaston La Touche. A winding road; below the road, a curving stream, tranquil beneath high towering banks of greenery; beyond the quiet water, green trees, sweeping virginal foliage up into high clear airs. A wide cool forest glen, veiled by day in a dusty golden sunlight; a valley of repose, as aloof, as restful as the valley of the Wye where Wordsworth wrote his "Tintern Abbey." And at night, a wonder of shadows, pale moonlight, the yellow invitation of oil-lamps; a cool interior, filled with the faint fragrance of flowers. In the autumn, a table by the fire, and always—if you are wise enough to arrange it—the fare that goes with such a background.

And that, of course, suggests the in-

evitable subject of food. Our idea, frankly, is that of the Perfect Butler, in "Ruggles of Red Gap": better a simple dinner, well prepared, than an eternity of elaborate menus, botched. There are a few establishments, like the Eagleston Inn at Hyannis, Massachusetts, the very name of which sets the mouth a' watering. Here is an inn where cooking is still an art and where the appetite is whetted by dainty dish and quaint old-fashioned furnishings. But alas, how few of them there are. It isn't always convenient to start out for Cape Cod to find one's ideal meal—and it's a long drive from Forty-Second Street at best. Wallingford, Connecticut, used to boast a soul-secluding tavern known for fried chicken and waffles; and there's a little roadside inn across the Jersey line where they make an art of eating. Most of us know, perhaps, an inn or two where, at a pinch, one can take a discriminating guest, but the list is limited. The automobile clubs should go into the matter, seriously. There is a great opportunity here, and like most opportunities, it's overlooked by an unimaginative world.

THE VALUE OF ATMOSPHERE

Food isn't the only requisite, of course. There are certain wise proprietors who have seen the possibilities of history and tradition, and their inns inevitably come to mind in any hasty resumé. The Wayside Inn, for example, between Springfield and Boston, or Beekman Arms at Rhinebeck on the Hudson. The latter exemplifies what can be done to make an outwardly conventional exterior romantic. The building happens to be the oldest hotel in America; it has been used continuously since about 1700 when William Traphagen, its original owner, built it on the first piece of land sold from the famous "Beekman grant." Built partly as a place of refuge against redskins, the original walls are two to three feet thick; the oak floors are fastened by hand-made spikes, and the famous taproom is rich in legend and historic incidents. During the Revolution, Washington, Lafayette, Arnold, Hamilton, Burr, and Clinton found refreshment there; in the old dining-room, in 1813, there occurred the famous "boot-jack" affair when General Armstrong clashed with Aaron Burr. The dining-room mantel dates back to 1798 and was then the property of Janet, the widow of General Richard Montgomery. The big blue pitcher, three feet in circumference, came from Staffordshire and is probably without a counterpart in America. It was William Jacques, one of the early owners of this tavern, who is said to have been the only man of his day who could lift a barrel of cider from a cart by the chimes and carry it to its place in the cellar beside its fellows.

LET US HAVE MORE TAVERNS

So it goes. A name, the charm of an historic past—or the greater charm of perfect food—it really doesn't matter what the form of allurements, provided the allurements there. The great, tired, eager automobiling public craves—and craves in vain—a wide variety of inns. Where are tavern-keepers with imagination, the inn-keepers with vision? Theirs is the chance and theirs the loss, at present. Like R. L. S., we think of what might be, and murmur, "Oh for a little bright café, in the corner of some port! Oh that we might sit down there, for twenty years, with tobacco and a drink, and talk of arts and women!"



PEACE-TABLE-TALK

"Will you have a little more turkey?"
 "Thank you, I would be glad to accept the responsibilities of a mandatory over one of the legs."

DOMESTIC PRODUCTS

Noontide

By A. R. A.

*D*RAW my mouth again to yours,
*D*RINK my kisses while you may;
 Youth is given us to love,
 Age is given us to pray.

*Look outside: the burning sun
 Kills the flowers who seek his kiss.
 I shall wither so, some day,
 Like the flowers,—of too much bliss.*

*On that day, remember, Love,
 While on other flowers you shine.
 "Perfume, color, tender youth,—
 All she had to give, was mine!"*

Confessions of a Jail Breaker

(Continued from page 75)

can make the audience look away from him by simply shouting, "Look at this globe! You will see that it is empty." And everyone looks at the globe and not at the magician's left hand, which is probably concealing a rabbit or a bowl of goldfish in his hip-pocket.

Percy Haughton, the football coach, who has, in his way, done considerable magic with Harvard teams, once said that he took his cue from the magician, and tried to teach his charges to play football so that the opposing team would be forced to watch one end of the line while the man with the ball was going around the other.

But, of course, my particular field is much broader than rabbit concealing, and I have to go into training for such exigencies as submersion in frozen rivers, while chained and handcuffed, and stepping from the tops of buildings into vacant space. I have, for many years, bathed in ice-water to make myself immune from the effects of my professional submarine activities. I once had an entire meal served to me while seated in a tub full of floating cakes of ice.

My average sojourn under water, while escaping from boxes and trunks and things like that, is about three minutes, although, in 1896, I made an under-water record of four minutes and six seconds. In order to keep in first-class physical condition, I neither drink nor smoke. With the advent of prohibition, and the consequent improvement in the physical condition of American men, I look for a horde of competitors in my line. I am safe, however, so long as abstinence does not carry with it the ability to dislocate the joints at will.

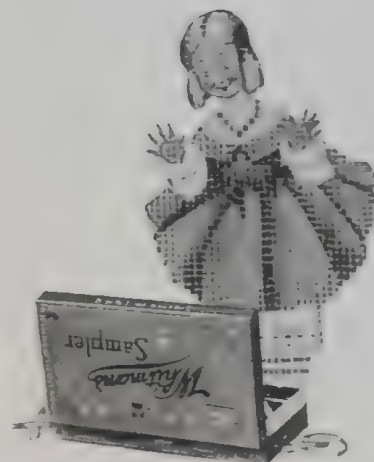
And just to get the jump on them, I have just gone into the movies. Edgar Allan Poe will furnish the first scenarios, as his tales contain the desired amount of mysticism, danger and opportunity for physical exertion. The combination is one that I shall not try to break. I am told out here in California, where I am working away at my scenarios and productions, that my act is bound to go well in the movies; so, if you hear that the Famous Players have made a small fortune during the year 1910, you will know at whose door to lay credit for it



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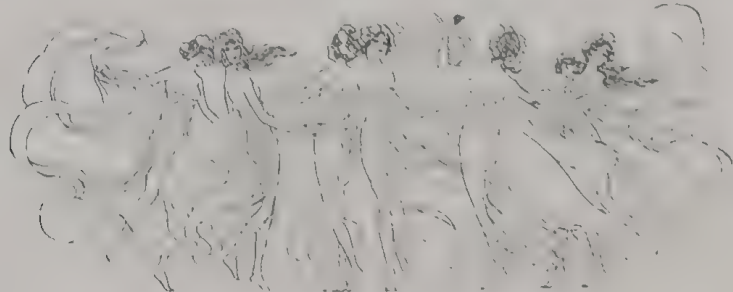
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New York



THE LAND OF DREAM CASTLES

(Continued from page 45)

enjoy dancing, music—and here are some of the best concerts in the world—or perhaps an occasional trial of luck at roulette.

Those who prefer a quieter, more retired life may find it pleasant to have their headquarters at Fuenterrabia which is quite close to the frontier, or at Zarauz or Deva along the coast and at less than an hour's distance from San Sebastian. Here one may enjoy a simple way of life and yet be within call of gaiety.

Next in importance to San Sebastian is Santander, situated half way down the northern coast of Spain. Santander has been chosen by the young Queen Victoria as her summer resort ever since King Alfonso, with characteristic sportsmanlike spirit and enthusiasm, went in for yachting. There the Royal Palace of "La Magdalena," a present from the loyal Santanderinos to the Monarch, makes an ideal country home. It is little wonder that the King and Queen and royal children should dearly love the long days spent on the free open beach, in climbs up the rugged mountain sides, in sailing over the wild high crested waves, or simply in strolling through the old town under the shadow of its great Gothic cathedral.

Where the Court goes, however, fash-

ion will follow, and Santander is yearly becoming more crowded and more fashionable. Theatres are kept open throughout the season, and diversions of every sort may be found at the Casino; but the great attraction at Santander is offered by the yacht races in which King Alfonso takes part, matching his white-winged squadron against those of his friendly rivals.

Beyond Santander and following the railway line along one of the loveliest coasts imaginable, one comes upon other such delightful spots as San Vicente de la Barquera, Ribadesella, Llanes, and Aviles. All are charming, and the succeeding resorts grow more and more attractively Spanish the further one gets away from the fashionable centres. Life in these picturesque little towns is inexpensive, the hotels are plain but comfortable, and the railway along the coast makes communications very easy.

As for dress in these small resorts, the simplest gown will answer a great many requirements, and as the weather is generally very cool, one should be careful to have a sweater at hand if not over one's shoulders. This is not true at San Sebastian, however, nor even at Santander where the most advanced and modish fashions are in evidence at all hours of the day.

BEATRIZ GALINDO.

WOMAN as the LABOURING MAN

(Continued from page 31)

and nothing can make her divorce it.

In vain the weary householder tries advertising. Her plea from the heart is but one of thousands of similar pleas. It lies all unnoticed in the crowded help-wanted columns. No one pays the slightest attention to it; those women who might, in other and happier days, have been applicants are now too busy answering the great black advertisements for "500 experienced caulkers wanted, immediately."

All this has come about more or less gradually. At first, just a few daring souls ventured forth into the milder varieties of what have heretofore been known as men's professions. Here and there, a woman would cause a slight stir, and get her name and picture on the front page of her home town gazette, by throwing off the shackles of her feminine job and becoming a yeoman in the Navy, a conductor, or an elevator girl. Those first emancipated positions had the lure of the uniform to attract women to them. It's a curious thing, that mysterious fascination of the uniform for a woman. Every woman yearns to don a uniform; every woman sees visions of herself dressed in the severe, sensible costume exact replicas of which are worn by a myriad other women. But if clad in her, so to speak, civilian's clothes, she should go out on the street and see one other female wearing a dress something like her own, she all but has a nervous breakdown about it. But then, women are like that. Ask any married man.

Well, anyway, those dauntless spirits who first started out into the Great Unknown of men's jobs filled only the lighter and gentler positions. But then, owing to woman's celebrated instinct for making things more intricate, such careers were found mild to the point of monotony. Lovely woman longed to show what she really could do when she got started. She tried being a chauffeur, a traffic policeman, and a farm hand; she went in for the clean wholesome pastimes of running an engine and cleaning a street; she dabbled a bit in plumbing, riveting, and stoking. She has even invaded the air—

heretofore man's undisputed domain. You have but to glance up at any tall building to see a tiny speck high above the earth—in reality, the overalld figure of a woman, swung in her perilous perch, painting the flagpole or washing the windows and whistling cheerfully at her dizzy task, secure in the knowledge that Heaven will protect the working girl.

All the most masculine of the professions she has made her own; figuratively and literally, it is she who wears the trousers. It will soon come to the point where a woman wearing skirts will look positively medieval. And woman has evidently come to the conclusion that a man's profession is the only thing for her—it keeps her out in the open air. She seems to have no intention of going back to her pre-war washboard, or gas range, or manicure table, or such like feminine fripperies. It takes a woman, she has decided, to run a man's job well. She really can't be annoyed with her frivolous little ante-bellum diversions of cooking, nursing, and all that—it would cramp her style horribly, after she has known the glorious freedom of being a steeple-jack. There seems to be no inducement that can intrigue her into a domestic life again. According to her new conception of life, the hand that rocks the cradle also rocks the boat.

Just how it's going to come out no one seems able to prophecy. Now if the men would only listen to reason and take up the women's jobs, business could go on as usual. But somehow the returned soldiers don't seem particularly thrilled about going in for a life of manicuring; they can't seem to feel the urge of dressmaking; they don't realize the opportunities of the career of a parlormaid. Possibly after a while, the women, having tried everything once, will want a complete change of career and will go back to their old vocations. That seems to be the only way things will ever get settled again.

But until that happy day, it looks as if the only man's profession that is safe from feminine invasion is that of female impersonator.

In Grandmother's Day

"My Dear, we didn't go away in automobiles but DEAN'S attended to all the details of our wedding just the same. You have DEAN'S, too, so you need not worry your pretty head as the appointments will be in perfect taste and everything will be a success."

DEAN'S WEDDING SERVICE includes the Bride's Cake and Knife, Wedding-cake in monogrammed boxes, Bridal Candle Shades, Place Favors and all other requisites. Especial facilities for out-of-town weddings. Illustrated booklet, "Wedding Requisites," on request.

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Wraps and Country Clothes
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The New Furs for which orders
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My Two Years in the Movies

(Continued from page 73)

master of the art. I have learned, thoroughly, the intricate details of murdering gentlemen, whether by poisoning, strangling, shooting, or stabbing. In one of my recent pictures, "The Witness for the Defense," I was obliged to shoot Warner Oland, who played the rôle of my husband. When I saw him lying dead at my feet, I almost believed that I had killed him. No one knows the terrible sensation it gives one to kill a human being—in a moving picture studio. Of course, our property revolvers are always loaded with blank cartridges, but it is the action of pulling the trigger, and hearing the noise, that frightens one so. Speaking as an expert on the subject of murder, I would rather employ the method of poison, than that of stabbing, shooting, or strangling. It is, by far, a less painful task for the murderer. The very sight of a gun or knife makes my blood run cold.

THE life of a motion picture star is not one long pavement of roses. The weary hours of waiting around the studio for sets to be erected and lights to be adjusted are quite enough to take the thrill out of it, but the journeys to what are called "location points" are really the most nerve-racking ordeals that anyone could experience. It is frequently necessary to go long distances, in order to secure the proper settings.

The movies are no respecters of persons or of comfort. During the making of "A Doll's House," which was arranged into scenario form by Charles Wayne, and filmed in 1918, I nearly perished in the cold, as many of the exterior scenes were taken in weather several degrees below zero, on a lonely stretch of snow-clad location.

In the scene of "The Lie," in which I had to wear an evening gown, I could easily see my breath when I spoke in the unheated studio; and on another occasion in "The Danger Mark," I wore a white powdered wig and fancy "period" costume with the temperature lingering at 103 in the shade! It is not an unusual thing to be obliged to work until two in the morning in order to finish a scene, and, as I always seem unable to eat during emotional acting, I sustain myself by drinking black coffee.

Very often it is necessary to take one scene over five or six times, and all scenes are usually taken three times, to make sure of getting the desired results. It is often necessary to make certain scenes over, even after the whole picture has been completed, because of some little defect in the lighting. This necessitates rebuilding the interior scenes that have been taken down in the meantime, or journeying out again to some distant location point. No expense is spared to make the productions as nearly perfect as it is possible to be.

If the public knew how much it costs to erect the interior sets in the studios, and how much time and patience it requires for everyone in the cast to perfect details in acting and dressing, I believe they would appreciate the finished picture even more than they do now.

Of course, it is necessary to build all the interior settings for the pictures in the studio. The sets include enormous banquet halls, drawing rooms, staircases,—even houses; and all the hammering and banging of building them goes on during the acting of other scenes in the same studio. When the director is ready to photograph a scene, his assistant rings a bell, or blows a whistle, and all pounding is stopped for a moment. Sometimes a carpenter will stop with his hammer poised in mid-air, and the instant he hears the second whistle, he hits the nail and resumes his work for another few minutes. While making "The Song of Songs," we worked right through the luncheon hour on one

emotional scene. I had been very hilarious all morning in the studio over a few touches of light drama that we were working up for another picture, and, naturally, it was extremely difficult for me to change immediately into a drab, gloomy person.

Well, I was doing my best, and as I gazed out of the supposed apartment house window—which was really nothing but a wall built in the studio—my eyes suddenly lit upon a scene that would have provoked a Sphinx to laughter. There, on a beautifully carved and decorated antique bed, its canopy draped with royal velvet, lay a ragged and overalled property man, fast asleep! His tattered overalls and worn shoes seemed so incongruous in that regal bed, that it was quite too much for me, and I promptly developed hysterics—real ones in this case. The camera caught it all, even as I turned to my lover with the tears simply streaming from my eyes, and my shoulders shaken with sobs. The director realized that it was more than pretense, but the audience must have believed that it was only a bit of emotional acting. I received many letters about that burst of emotion, when the picture was shown.

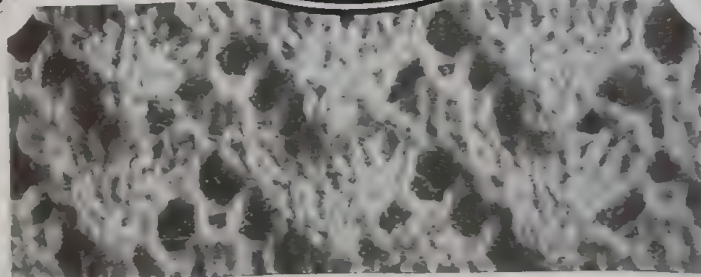
Not only do I receive letters from enthusiastic movie admirers but I get, as most stars do, an average of two or three hundred letters a week, requesting everything of me from photographs to trips to Europe. I also receive many proposals of marriage, invitations to dinners, letters from relatives of whom I never heard, and heart confidences from persons who wish my advice on subjects that concern their extremely private lives. Many young women have claimed me for their cousin, and one elderly woman once insisted that I was her long-lost daughter. These letters are sometimes amusing, occasionally pathetic—but always interesting.

THE problem of dress is a most serious one for a moving picture actress. She must be very careful about choosing clothes for the films. The lights used in the studio are very strong; in fact, they are so strong that it is not unusual to become temporarily blinded by them. Sometimes one buys a certain frock that takes a charming shade in the studio, and then, if one uses the same frock again in an exterior scene, it will register black. I purchased a light tan costume for a certain scene in "His Parisian Wife," hoping that it would register light, and when the picture was shown, I looked as if I were in mourning. Some silver slippers will photograph light while another pair of silver slippers will seem almost black. It is risky to toy with silver or pure gold shades under the lights. I never use pure white either, but rely on cream shades. Rose and pale yellows are also very good. It is often necessary to order two costumes, exactly alike, because in strenuous scenes, one's gown may be ruined beyond repair.

Two years have gone by since I entered the movies, and I feel that it has been a wonderful experience for me. Some people have asked me if I miss playing before an audience. Yes, I do. I miss the inspiration, I miss the applause, I miss the atmosphere of the theatre, and I miss the wide sweep of the stage to move about on. Yet, I wouldn't miss the delight and thrill of the movies for anything. It is all so topsy-turvy, so exciting and so changeable that I am never bored for a moment. I expect soon to return to the legitimate stage, but I shall certainly go back again to the screen.

Despite the demands that the moving pictures make on my strength, time, and patience, I find it more than worth it.

I, who once laughed at the moving pictures, am now a movie fan!



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OGILVIE SISTERS

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Introductory Offer



PARIS TAKES TO SUMMER SPORTS

(Continued from page 30)

her hat, from Reboux, was invented for her and actually made on her head and is in very dark grey satin; the crown is a draped bonnet, and the brim is flattened in front like that of a harlequin's hat; in the back it forms the points of a cocked hat. She has chosen grey because black shows the dust, but it is dark enough to be becoming to the complexion, for we all know that there is nothing more becoming to the face than a black hat. Her veil is of plain tulle in the same shade. It is worn "en fanchon" with all its thickness gathered on the left shoulder.

In spite of presence of the Peace plenipotentiaries at Versailles, the gaiety of the royal town has not been interrupted; but it is no longer at the Trianon Palace that one takes tea. Before going to see the sunset from the terrace overlooking the fountains, one takes tea at the home of one of the inhabitants of Versailles, whose residences make part of this marvelous town with its noble architecture and its air of aristocracy which even the Revolution was powerless to destroy. At the home of Princess Murat or of Madame Charles Max, whose

apartment at the Réservoirs is that in which Massenet composed "Werther," or of Madame Raymonde de Madrazo, or Miss de Wolfe, one takes tea in a frame of elegance in the midst of flowering parterres.

It is at Versailles before the gates of the park that we have sketched Madame Théodore Mante, dressed for walking in her "Tuxedo" of black serge, on page 27. She goes, like Madame Errazuriz, the Countess de Beaumont, the Countess de Roche, Madame Martinez de Hoz, or the Marquise de Salamanca, almost every week to Versailles to visit the shops of the dealers of antiquities, where until lately there was an abundance of fine pieces to be had, but which nowadays are almost stripped, in spite of prices. For, even without the added celebrity of the Treaty of Peace, the Ville des Rois will always draw visitors through its art and its beauty . . . , this city which in the words of the delicate savant and author, Jean de Bonnefon, "in the freshness of the evening, breathes out mingled odors of the palace, the sky and the forest."

J. R. F.

FOR THE MODERN LUCULLUS

(Continued from page 56)

is removed and the fish is decorated with tarragon leaves or chervil. Then it is covered with a clear fish jelly and arranged on a platter. It is garnished with tomatoes stuffed with celery and mayonnaise, with horn-shaped cucumbers filled with a paste of anchovies or sardines, eggs filled with caviar, green pimientos stuffed with a paste of horseradish, and a variety of small tartlets of vegetables. The entire dish is covered with jelly and served cold.

CANETON MONTMORENCY

The duckling is roasted, but kept rare, and then allowed to cool. The breast is cut off and the bones are taken out, the meat cut in fillets. The bird is then built into shape again with a paste made of foie gras mixed with chopped duck livers and the remnants of the meat. Afterwards, the fillets are placed on top and immersed in a cold thick sauce (either white or cream sauce) and decorated with truffles, vegetables leaves, or egg whites.

Another way of arranging this dish is to immerse the duck in a thick brown sauce, decorate it with vegetable leaves or whites of hard-boiled eggs, and glaze it with jelly. This is garnished with suprême of duckling, four or five to each breast, placed about the duck on beds of foie gras paste. In either case, pitted cherries are arranged around the dish and covered with a duck jelly.

POULARDE VENDÔME

The chicken is boiled and allowed to cool. Then the breast is taken off, and five to six hashed parts are made of each side, according to size. A cold white sauce is poured over the whole, and the bird is decorated with tarragon leaves or chervil glazed with jelly. Meanwhile, the bird is stuffed with a foie gras paste. A cold white sauce is poured over it, and it is decorated with truffles according to taste, glazed with jelly, and placed on an oval dish. It is served on a bed of foie gras paste and around it is placed in deco-

orative bits a *suprême*, consisting of a paste of the giblets and the wings of the chicken; between these are shells filled with iced foie gras covered and decorated with jelly.

GALANTINE DE VOLAILLE

The bones are taken out of the fowl which is to be made into galantine, and the meat is placed on a napkin after the skin has been removed. It is then cut up into medium-sized strips such as are used for larding, seasoned with salt and spices, and marinated with cognac. Then half the quantity of the fowl is added with fat pork, ham, tongue, and quartered truffles. Meanwhile, a stuffing is made from the legs and wings mixed according to quantities with veal, fat pork, lean fresh pork, and whole eggs, using one part and a half of fat, and one part of veal and fresh pork to two parts of fowl meat. It is seasoned with salt, spices, and a little brandy.

The skin of the fowl is then put on a napkin, and a layer of the stuffing is placed upon it. On this is placed a bed of the different larding strips already prepared, together with fresh pistachios, all giving a layer of varied colour. A layer of stuffing follows, then the larding strips, and the process is continued until the skin is filled. Afterwards, the skin is so rolled that the ends may be brought together and sewed. It is then rolled up in rashes of pork and tied up in a napkin with a strong string at both ends. It is cooked in a broth with veal bones and the remainder of the fowl and vegetables. It should be allowed to boil lightly, counting about fifteen minutes to a pound of galantine. When the galantine is fully cooked, it is tightened in another cloth and tied up strongly. Then it is placed on a long dish or plank and allowed to cool under a press which is not too heavy. When it has cooled, the cloth is removed and a cold white sauce is poured over the galantine, which is then decorated with truffles and glazed with jelly.



PALL MALL

Famous Cigarettes

Where particular
people congregate

Plain Ends

The House of a Poet

(Continued from page 69)

gesture; stiff and massive, dressed in a robe the rigid folds of which fell to its feet, the form seemed to have no sex and no humanity—but to be some unknown deity,—some grim representation of Fate, perhaps, holding in its outstretched hand the destiny of a man, with a gesture both indifferent and relentless. On closer examination it proved, after all, to be only a replica of the Charioteer of Delphi, he who stands so calmly at the top of that long flight of stairs in the Louvre. But his mystery was heightened here in the quiet Italian house; inscrutable knowledge emanated from him, power as of the mountains was in his black stalwartness, and antiquity as old as the stars.

To have this apparition habitually at one's bedside, to feel the white eyes staring at one in the night, must require courage! Perhaps it was as a test of himself; more probably it was as a stimulant that d'Annunzio placed the archaic figure there. What a call to the imagination! As one of us said—"that certainly is 'per non dormire'!" and the remark was true, possibly, in more senses than one.

THE bathroom, next the bedroom, was much larger. It was square, white-tiled, and, unlike the rest of the house, flooded with sunshine. About a hundred reproductions of drawings by old masters patterned the walls. Here were one's favorite Leonardos—Andrea del Sarto—Michaelangelos. An inscription in blue tiles read: "Aqua est optima," which even an elementary knowledge of Latin was able to construe as meaning that water was the best of all gifts.

Quite by accident we discovered the most charming room of all. A little staircase started unobtrusively from one of the lower rooms. Climbing it, we found ourselves in a long, light gallery, high-ceilinged and lined with books, one wall all lead-paned window. This was evidently the poet's study, designed for calm and solitude. Its only entrance was the flight of stairs we had mounted. One of the casements was open, giving us an exquisite view of cypress-dotted violet distances, and the silver streak of the Arno winding through the wide valley below. Nothing but an exaggerated love of contrasts could, one felt, have induced a man to shut out this bright landscape behind a screen of ivory glass, nothing but a desire for the impossible, a perverse delight in leaving a golden-aired garden for a room, stained at mid-day as if with moonlight.

TWO Lenbach drawings of Eleonora Duse hung here, and a reproduction of the Donatello boys, who sing through the ages in a pageant so full of the joy of youth and of the morning of things. I remember, too, a circular bas-relief in marble of some curly-haired, full-lipped Apollo. Among the books on the shelves we caught glimpses of old folios, of rare editions, of volumes with unfamiliar script on their title lines. A refectory table, worn and shiny as leather, stood in the center of the room and served as a writing table—the perfect desk for a poet.

On a "cassone" in a corner, among other ornaments, there was a cast of a hand, a thin, sensitive hand, the most beautiful hand one had ever seen. Assuredly it was not extravagant to imagine that this might be one of the "belle mani" referred to in the dedication to "La Gioconda" . . .

As we drove back toward Florence through the sunset country, serene and glowing as a Bellini, I thought that no poet, perhaps, had ever had more perfect surroundings than these of d'Annunzio. Beauty, beauty, and more beauty—one could feel that this was his

demand, a demand which he should certainly have succeeded in satisfying here. And yet, about all this treasury of loveliness, there hung an atmosphere of disquietude—a macabre and melancholy twilight. A taste for the abnormal and the extraordinary peeped out with hydra-head, so that the whole had something of perfection touched by decay, like a cankered rose. It was the same quality one finds in d'Annunzio's work, the sigh of the materialist when he has smelt the flower too long, a fatigue of the senses combined with spiritual unbelief, and the resultant search for more violent stimuli, for more startling effects, for "madder music and for stronger wine." When the system refuses to assimilate further pleasure, comes that subtle dissatisfaction which is the Nemesis of the esthete (and d'Annunzio is the arch-esthete). A reflection of this disillusion was in this house of his, combined with a determined pagan purpose—that purpose still to trust the senses, and to trust nothing but the senses, to the very end of all things.

DOUBTLESS it was his own creed, believed in with all the fervor of his eager nerves, that d'Annunzio set as a motto at the head of his play, "La Gioconda"—that quotation from Leonardo da Vinci, he, too, on one of his sides an arch-esthete, and expressing the inexorable truths he perceived with a Greek positivism: "Cosa bella mortal passa, e non d' arte,"—which, translated, means "The beautiful human thing dies, but not art."

This perhaps is the final faith of the being who is an artist before anything else, as it is the motive spring of his effort; for it is in his haunting sense of the fragility of all human and natural beauty, and in his passionate desire to fix this beauty in permanent form, that the artist differs from the ordinary man. Arthur Symonds has spoken for the whole fraternity of poets, painters and musicians since the world began, when he has said: "Realizing all humanity to be but a masque of shadows, and this solid world an impromptu stage as temporary as they, it is with a pathetic desire of some last illusion, which shall deceive even ourselves, that we are consumed with this hunger to create, to make something for ourselves, if at least the same shadowy reality as that about us." To Leonardo his pictures were, obviously enough, the last illusion; to d'Annunzio, his plays—and it is here that we may perhaps find the truest measure of their worth—are surely the last sensation.

WE dipped down the green hills; the brown and red domes of the most amiable of old cities were becoming stark in the pale light. The Renaissance still lives in Florence, flowery, composed and graceful in the beauty respected by invaders, and triumphs even over tram-cars. As we swung silently through the landscape, everywhere bells in the ancient towers were calling out the time, that time which was to hush forever the life in the strong peasant faces we passed—Time, which had lain to rest the untamable Buonarrotti, and dimmed the bright intentness of Pico della Mirandola, the learned metaphysical boy of Botticelli's portrait, whose name and face are equally enchanting, and which had wrapped in impenetrable darkness the lonely, icy, inquisitive spirit of Leonardo.

"Cosa bella mortal passa, e non d' arte."

The chiseled stones seemed to be singing aloud that they would hold their own against the centuries, proving with implacable certainty the truth so cruel to flesh.



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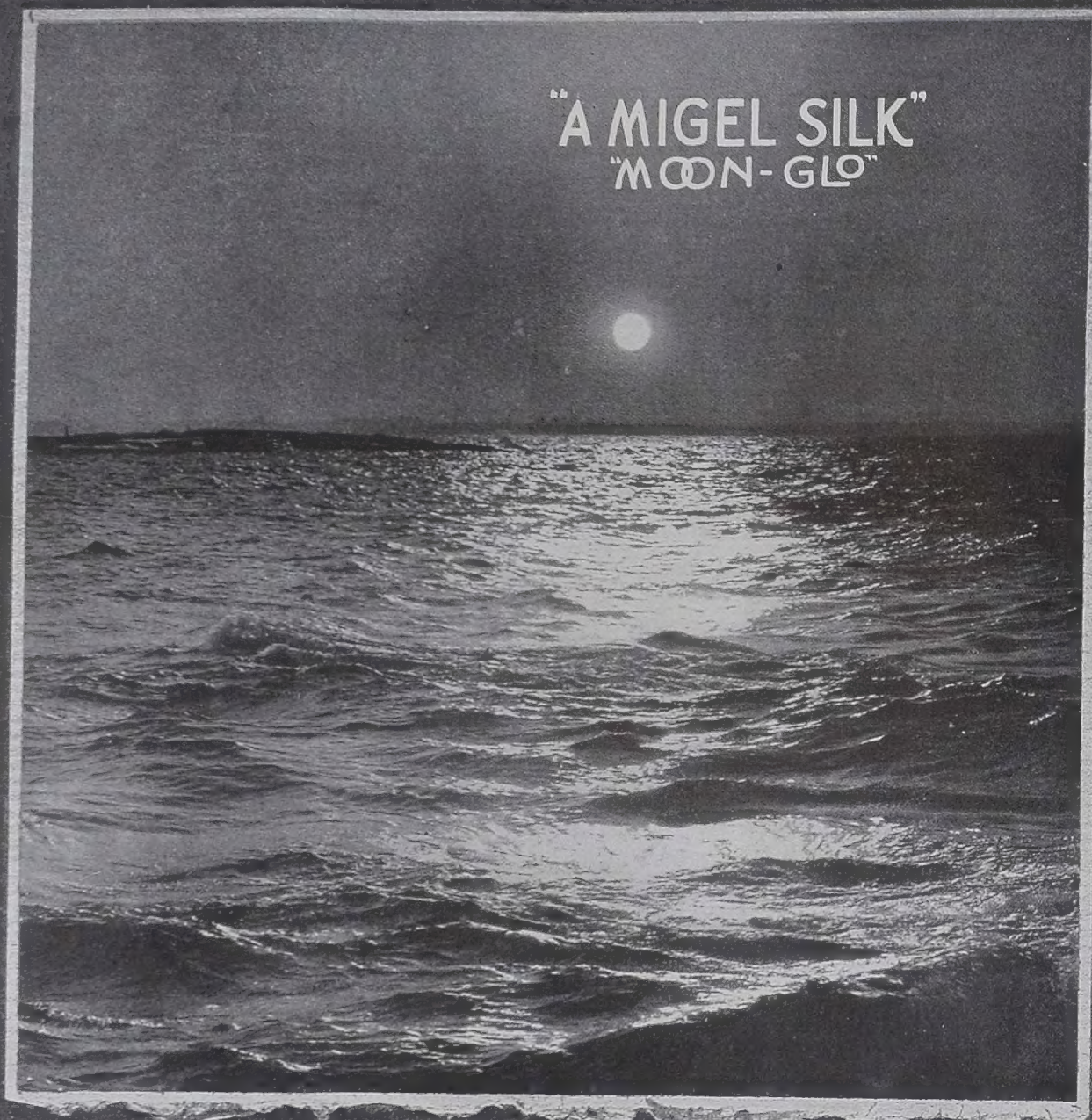


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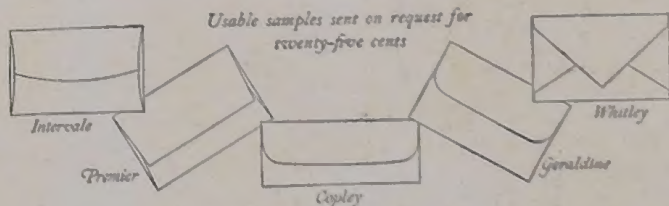
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